

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Anecdotes of Painting in England, with some Account of the Principal Artists; and Incidental Notes of other Arts; Collected by the late Mr. George Vertue; Digested and Published from the Original MSS. By the Honourable HORACE WALPOLE; with considerable Additions by the Reverend JAMES DALLAWAY. Vol. 2. 8vo. pp. 414. London, 1826. John Major.

THE expectation expressed in the review, (see *Literary Chronicle*, No. 362,) of the first volume of this splendid publication, is fulfilled. The literary labours of Mr. Dallaway in illustrating and adding to the writings of Vertue and Horace Walpole, have increased; whilst the pledge of the respectable and spirited publisher, that he would heighten the interest of the embellishments during the progress of the work, has been in every respect redeemed. He does not, however, lay claim to applause for thus enhancing the attractions of the pictorial portion of these Anecdotes, candidly admitting that the first volume was 'less susceptible of such display than the present and succeeding volumes.' There are eighteen engravings on copper, among which is an admirable portrait of Rubens, from the original, by himself, in the collection of his Majesty, copied by Mr. Jackson and engraved by Mr. J. H. Robinson. The engravings on wood are numerous and beautiful; but contenting ourselves with brief commendation of what has delayed us long in admiration which could not be cooled into criticism, we pass to a consideration of the literary department of the volumes, confining our quotations, as before, to the contributions of the reverend editor. Taking our extracts almost at random, regular analysis being neither practicable nor necessary, we commence with some excellent remarks on the influence and value possessed by correct portraits of the celebrated characters of past times:—

'A very delightful feeling results from the inspection and consequent acquaintance with the portraits of those who have lived two centuries before us. We feel a greater satisfaction, when we see "the lively portraiture displayed"—when we have the reflected image of any individual, in whose history we have taken an interest, presented to our instant recollection, by being brought forward to our view. "When we read a description of any remarkable person, as to the colour of complexion, and features, in any memoir of the time, it is gratifying to find that the portrait before us is in exact correspondence; and the best evidence of its being a true resemblance. Thus, a reminiscence is given

of those who for ages have lain in the grave, and the idea of what they were in life becomes stronger and more animated as we have the opportunity of contemplating their very shape."—*Brydges*.

'This curiosity may, perhaps, be not considered as strictly philosophical, but to those who delight to investigate the history of old times, more congenial, as the imagination is not entirely excluded. By associating in "the mind's eye" eminent personages of either sex, the great characters of any age, in particular, we can be present at the courts or councils of our Henrys, Elizabeth, James, or Charles. We can call together from an acquaintance with many individuals, whose portraits even yet can grace the walls of lengthened galleries, the family circles of our ancient nobility and gentry.

'"All the fair series of the whiskered race."—*T. Warton*.

'Whatever we may have learned of their domestic life and habits, becomes much more interesting and intelligible by the certainty of resemblance to the living actors in past scenes. We rescue by these aids from utter oblivion of the real life a satisfactory knowledge of their persons, the characteristic peculiarity of features, individual countenance, and the perpetual variety of their attire and habiliments. Every beautiful or dignified portrait by the pencil of Vandyck will give us an increased pleasure, from the idea of its truth and identity, by which alone a real interest can be created.

'"Sic oculos—sic ille manus—sic ora ferebat."—*Virgil*.

'Historical painting was, even at the close of the reign of Charles the first, a stranger to England, excepting that the allegories of Rubens and Gentileschi may be so esteemed. We had no artist employed on sacred or classical subjects, as in the schools of Italy, France, and Flanders, whose works then adorned our growing collections, and were in great request. The former were demanded by the religion of those countries, and not by that of our own; the latter, whilst the taste for portrait-painting was universal, offered no reward to the exertions of native talent, as directed to that point. Dobson, who may be styled the first English artist, adopted in a few instances the idea of making the historical groups, which are mentioned by Mr. W. subservient to the prevailing fashion, by giving the real likeness of known individuals, so that he might by such an expedient, excite a greater interest in his works. He had indeed learned it from the practice of the foreign artists whose "Holy Families" were very frequently taken from the domestic circle of their employers.'

Evelyn.—Mr. Walpole having exposed the defects of this celebrated man's Discourse on Medals, Mr. Dallaway adds the following piquant observations:—

'Among other branches of science, if one can call it so, Mr. Evelyn studied physiognomy, and found dissimulation, boldness, cruelty, and ambition in every touch and stroke of Fuller's picture of Oliver Cromwell's face, which, he says, was the most resembling portrait of the Protector. In Vandyck's Earl of Strafford a steady, serious, and judicious countenance; and so in many others whose characters from knowing their history he fancied he saw in their features. How his divination would have been puzzled if he had been shown a picture of Cromwell in the contemptible appearance which Sir Philip Warwick says he made at his first entry into the House of Commons. Or if my Lord Strafford had continued to oppose the court, and had never changed sides, would Mr. Evelyn have found his countenance so steady and judicious?'

Vandyck drew in one piece the full face and the three quarter face and the profile of Charles I., from which Bernini is said to have made a bust that was consumed or stolen during the fire of Whitehall. Upon this subject, Mr. D. states:—

'It is very uncertain what became of this bust: Vertue, from several circumstances, which I shall lay before the reader, believed it was not destroyed. Cooper, the print-seller, told him that he had often heard Norrice, frame-maker to the court, and who saved several of the pictures, aver, that he was in the room where the bust used to stand over a corner chimney, and that it was taken away before that chamber was destroyed. Lord Cutts, who commanded the troops, was impatient to blow up that part, and yet after he had ordered the drums to beat, it was half an hour before the explosion was begun, time enough to have saved the bust, if it was not stolen before. Sir John Stanley, then deputy-chamberlain, was of the latter opinion. He was at dinner in Craig Court when the fire began, which was about three o'clock: he immediately went to the palace, and perceived only an inconsiderable smoke in a garret, not in the principal building. He found Sir Christopher Wren and his workmen there, and the gates all shut. Looking at Bernini's bust, he begged Sir Christopher to take care of that, and the statues. The latter replied, "Take care of what you are concerned in, and leave the rest to me." Sir John said it was above five hours after this before the fire reached that part. Norrice afterwards dug in the ruins of that chamber, but could not discover the least fragment of marble. The

crouching Venus in the same apartment was known to be stolen, being discovered after a concealment of four years, and retaken by the crown. Vertue thought that the brazen bust of King Charles in the passage near Westminster Hall, was not taken from Bernini's, of which casts are extant, but of an earlier date. In the imperial library at Vienna, says Dr. Edward Brown in his travels, is a head of King Charles in white marble; but this cannot be Bernini's, as Brown wrote in 1673, and the fire of Whitehall happened in 1697.'

Following Vertue and Walpole through their Account of the Painters in the Reign of Charles I., Mr. Dallaway does not always restrict himself to matters pertaining to the arts; but his digressions are exceedingly agreeable. He says:—

'The very day after the execution of the king, (Charles I.) was passed this vote, "Ordered, That the Lord Grey be desired, out of Haberdasher's Hall, to dispose of one hundred pounds for the service of the Commonwealth, as he shall think fit: and that the committee at Haberdasher's Hall be required forthwith to pay the same to the said Lord Grey for that purpose." This order is so covertly worded, without any particular application, at the same time that the sum is so small for any public service, that joined to the circumstance of time and the known zeal of the pay-master, I cannot doubt but this was intended for the reward of the executioner. Mr. West has an authentic account of the execution, in which it is said, that Richard Brandon, the executioner, having found in the king's pocket an orange stuck with cloves, was offered twenty shillings for it; which he refused, but sold it for ten on his way home.'

And in another place we find a very characteristic anecdote, which we quote, as at once interesting and not generally known:—

'Tavernier, book iv. chap. 17, mentions having a diamond, on which were engraved the arms of Charles I. The Sophy of Persia and his court were extremely surprised at the art of engraving so hard a jewel; but, says Tavernier, I did not dare to own to whom it belonged, remembering what had formerly happened to the Chevalier de Reville on the subject of that king. The story, as he had related it before, in book ii. chap. 10 was, that Reville having told the sophy that he had commanded a company of guards in the service of Charles, and being asked why he came into Persia? replied, that it was to dissipate the chagrin he felt on his master being put to death, and that since that time he could not endure to live in Christendom. The sophy fell into a rage, and asked Reville how it was possible, if he was captain of the king's guards, that he and all his men should not have shed the last drop of their blood in defence of their prince! Reville was thrown into prison, and remained there twenty-two days, and escaped at last by the intercession of the sophy's eunuchs.—Had all Charles's soldiers been as loyal as the Persian monarch thought it their duty to be, we might now have the glory of being as faithful slaves as the Asiatics.'

The present volume is devoted to the artists who graced the reigns of James I. and Charles I. Our readers need not be told of the vast difference, as far as painting was concerned, between the two epochs. James had no disposition to the arts; and did not attempt to influence either their patrons or their votaries. This indisposition was a fortunate accident, for we agree with Mr. Walpole, that had they been burdened with this little-minded prince's protection, 'he would probably have introduced as bad a taste as he did into literature. A prince who thought puns and quibbles the perfection of eloquence, would have been charmed with the monkies of Hemskirk, and the drunken boors of Ostade. James loved his ease and his pleasures, and hated novelties.' Mr. Dallaway quotes the opinion of Hayley on this subject; and though neither very spirited nor very poetical, its *justice* cannot be denied:—

'James, both for empire and for arts unfit,
(His sense a quibble and a pun his wit,) Whatever works he patronised, debased;
But haply left the pencil undisgraced.'

The reverend and acute commentator adds, 'Whitehall would never have been built nor embellished by the "mere motion" of that perantic king, but for the suggestion of the favourite Buckingham.' Very different were the auspices of the art during the reign of Charles:—

'The accession of this prince was the first era of real taste in England. As his temper was not profuse, the expense he made in collections, and the rewards he bestowed on men of true genius and merit, are proofs of his judgment. He knew how and when to bestow. Queen Elizabeth was avaricious with pomp; James I. lavished with meanness. A prince who patronizes the arts and can distinguish abilities, enriches his country, and is at once generous and an economist. Charles had virtues to make a nation happy; fortunate, if he had not thought, that he alone knew how to make them happy, and that he alone ought to have the power of making them so!'

Next in point of interest to the portrait of Sir P. Paul Rubens, and certainly not inferior to it in effect, is that of Sir Antony Vandyck, (from the original picture by himself in the collection of J. Harman, Esq.) We do not scruple to assert that it is one of the finest specimens of line engraving that we ever beheld. But as it is impossible for description to convey an adequate idea of its excellence, we pass from the portrait to an account of the artist, which we are sure must interest the general not less than the professional reader, though Mr. Dallaway offers it principally for the benefit of the latter:—

'To those of our readers who practise the art of portrait-painting, no apology may be required for offering to them an idea of Vandyck's peculiar method. It was the result of a confidential conversation, held with Monsieur Jabac, a celebrated connoisseur, with whom Vandyck was intimate at Paris, and there is no reason to doubt its authenticity. Of their intimacy a sufficient proof is, that he thrice drew Monsieur Jabac's portrait—*con amore*. Jabac was observing to him, how little time

he bestowed on his portraits, Vandyck answered, "That, at first he worked hard, and took a great deal of pains to acquire a reputation, and with a swift hand, against the time that he should work for his kitchen." His general habit was this:—He appointed both the day and hour for the person's sitting, and worked not above one hour on any portrait, either in rubbing in, or finishing: so that as soon as his clock informed him that his hour was past, he rose up and made a bow to the sitter, to signify that he had finished; and then appointed another hour, on some other day; whereupon his servant appeared with a fresh pallet and pencils, whilst he was receiving another sitter, whose hour had been appointed. By this method he commanded expedition. After having lightly dead-coloured the face, he put the sitter into some attitude which he had before contrived; and on grey paper, with white and black crayons, he sketched the attitude and drapery, which he designed in a grand manner and exquisite taste. After this, he gave the drawing to the skilful people he had about him, to paint after the sitter's own clothes, which, at Vandyck's request, were sent to him for that purpose. When his assistants had copied these draperies, he went over that part of the picture again, and thus by a shortened process, he displayed all that art and truth which we at this day admire in them. He kept persons in his house of both sexes, from whom he painted the hands, and he cultivated a friendship with the ladies, who had the most beautiful, to allow him to copy them. He was thus enabled to delineate them, with a surprising delicacy and admirable colouring, *De Piles*. He very frequently used a brown colour, composed of prepared peach stones, as a glazing for the hair, &c. He had not remitted his practice of painting till a few days before his death, "dolor, manus, dum id ageret, abrepta."—*Sandrart.*'

As, during the progress of this superb undertaking, we shall have frequent occasion to indulge in retrospective glances, and thus compensate for the inadequacy of our present notice, we the less regret being compelled to quit a work which does honour to the editor and publisher, confers immeasurable benefit on art and its professors, and, when completed, will rank among the proudest monuments of this learned and literary age.

The House Book; or, Family Chronicle of Useful Knowledge, and Cottage Physician, &c. Edited by WILLIAM SCOTT, M. D. 8vo. pp. 630. London, 1826. Sherwood and Co.

This is one of those works of generally available utility, the abundance of which is among the most gratifying signs of the days we live in. Nothing that is not practical, and does not recommend temperance, economy, and all the useful though unostentatious virtues, is now understood or relished,—at least by that great body of the people for whose peculiar benefit such books are written. The literary canter and critical exquisite may exclaim against mechanics' institutes and ridicule gymnastic schools, with all his puny might,—

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the world hears not his unavailing voice, but *feels* the quiet, deep, irresistible stream of knowledge and virtue that is now inundating the universal heart.

By the publication of the House Book, Mr. Scott aspires to be ranked with the Tissots, the Buchans, and the Grahams, who are justly considered among the benefactors of mankind,—and we cannot conscientiously deny his claim. But he not only follows them ‘as regards the simplification of remedies in the treatment of diseases,’—he enters also into much that they have neglected, avails himself of their experience, as recorded in their writings, compares, examines, and confirms or refutes, as the case may be; and, in short, succeeds in completing a manual of domestic economy, more extensive in its grasp of subject, if less perfect in its arrangement, than any with which we were previously acquainted.

To enable our readers to form a sufficiently full idea of the *nature* of the work, (*plan* it has none,—but this, perhaps, only adds to its attractions,) we will just enumerate a few of the subjects of which it treats: medicine, cookery, diet, general economy, health, sea-bathing, gardening, manufactures, arts, oils, wines, house-keeping, husbandry, &c., to these add a *thousand* select recipes and prescriptions, and a very elaborate *exposé*, entitled *Secrets of Trade*, and then imagine what a treasure you may possess, for the comparatively trifling sum of twelve shillings! Having thus endeavoured to explain the diversified nature of this singular but useful and amusing miscellany, we shall select a few extracts, and leave the House Book to find its way (as we are assured it will do,) into almost every house and cottage of moderate pretensions in the kingdom:—

‘*To render Tea at Five Shillings a Pound, equal to Tea at Twelve Shillings!*—The cheapest and most expensive teas are all the leaves of the same tree, at least they should be so, and if there were no sloe-leaves nor privet-leaves, they would be so. The high flavour, therefore, of some of the sorts of tea, and the want of flavour in others, must arise from the manner of preparing them, and must be in some measure artificial. It follows, that if we can discover any fine-flavoured substance, and add it to the tea in a proper manner, so as to make it agree and harmonize with the original flavour, we shall be able to improve low-priced and flavourless tea, into a high-priced article of fine flavour. The flavouring substance found to agree best with the original flavour of tea, is the oil of bergamot; by the proper management of which, you may produce from the cheapest teas, the finest flavoured bloom, hyson, gunpowder, and cowslip. There are two ways of managing the bergamot. Purchase at the perfumers some of the perfumed pieces of wood, which they call bergamot fruit. Keep one such piece in your cannister, and it will flavour the tea in the same way as a tonquin bean flavours snuff. If the cannister be a small one, the flavour perhaps would be too strong; in that case you may chip the bergamot fruit in pieces, and put only a little bit among your tea. Or procure a small

phial of the oil of bergamot; take some of the smallest of your tea, and add it to a few drops of the oil, till you form a sort of paste, which is to be carefully mixed with the whole tea, in proportion to its quantity, and the degree of flavour you like best. If you make the flavour too strong, you have always an easy remedy, namely, by adding more unflavoured tea. When it is thus improved, it is often sold at eighteen shillings, and a guinea a-pound. Cowslip tea has been as high as thirty-two shillings.’

‘*Hints for the Preservation and Treatment of the Eyes.*—In whatever calling or employment we may be engaged, we should attend, as much as possible, to the following circumstances, viz. that the eyes receive an uniform and sufficient light, so as to affect the *retina* (the seat of vision,) on all sides alike. The eyes materially suffer, when the rays of the sun are strongly reflected from the opposite wall or window. In children, many disorders of the eye, which never would have terminated fatally, have ended in total blindness, when parents have neglected to provide the cradle or window with proper curtains. For this reason, the greatest caution is necessary in the choice of an apartment appropriated to the labours of the day. Nor should people place themselves directly opposite to the light, in reading and writing; they should take the light rather in a lateral direction.

‘A great obstacle to this arrangement, is the change of light, in the same apartment, by the progress of the sun. Where the sun dazzled in the morning, we find, in the middle of the day, the most uniform light, which again, in the afternoon, particularly in town, becomes reverberatory, and extremely hurtful. This inconvenience should be remedied, if possible, by a frequent change of the room; or, at least, we might produce more uniformity in the light, by means of window-curtains or blinds: and it may be observed, that blinds of green, or of whitened-brown linen, are best adapted for this purpose.

‘It is an useful practice, to protect weak eyes from the descending rays, by means of shades; because the vivid light striking them from above, is thus intercepted. But we ought to consider, that the lower part of the eye is, by such means, completely shaded, while the upper part of this organ is stimulated by the light it receives from below: a practice which cannot be productive of good consequences. If the malady be situated in the upper part of the eye, this conduct is still more improper; for the healthy part is in this manner protected, and that already relaxed, is still more weakened.

‘Darkness or shade, is then only beneficial to the eyes, when they are unemployed, when the obscurity is natural, and, consequently, every where extended. To rest a little during the twilight, is very suitable to weak eyes. No artificial darkness during the day is ever so uniform, but that one eye must exert itself more than another, and necessarily suffer by this change. Persons with weak or diseased eyes, who spend the whole day in an apartment darkened with green curtains, injure their sight still more by this pernicious practice. It is far more

prudent to repair to clear day-light and fresh air, and to direct the eyes to distant prospects, than to confine them to the close atmosphere of a room, and to the sight of near objects. Lastly, it is an error, that weak eyes, when employed in minute vision, ought to have a faint light; for by this practice they are still more weakened. Thus green spectacles are very hurtful to some eyes, as they deprive them of that light which is necessary to a distinct perception of objects.

‘*Conduct to be observed in Weak Eyes.*—The artificial light of candles and lamps is detrimental to weak eyes; not, as some imagine, on account of the light being too strong for the eyes, but because the flame of a candle too powerfully illuminates the eye in one point, and does not uniformly stimulate the retina.

‘*The best Defence of Weak Eyes by Candle-light, &c.*—The means used to prevent the great stimulus from the rays of light are, in general, so regulated, that the screen may not only cover the flame, but also concentrate the greatest part of the light. Thus the room is darkened, and only a small spot above and below the apparatus is illumined; a practice highly injudicious.

‘The study-lamps, with large round screens, seem to be purposely contrived to impair the soundest eyes, by their continued use. The green parchment screens formerly used, were likewise objectionable; for though they admitted the free access of light on both sides, they produced too great a shade before the eyes. The best and most proper mode of defence of weak eyes by candle-light, is a flat screen, projecting about two or three inches over the forehead; or even a round hat, with a brim of a proper size.

‘*The advantage of Candles over Lamps, &c.*—Those who are afflicted with weak eyes, should always use two candles, so placed that the flame be neither too low nor too high for the eye. This is a circumstance of great importance; as the light, when placed too low, is uncommonly stimulating and fatiguing. Candles have this advantage over lamps, that their light is less offensive to the eye, and less pernicious to the lungs; as they do not, in general, emit so much smoke. But, on the other hand, all candles have the following disadvantages:—1. That by their burning downward, the fatigued eye is progressively more strained in the later hours of candle-light;—2. That the unequal light they give, is attended with the additional trouble of snuffing them;—and, 3. That by the least commotion of the air, or, if made of bad materials, they offend the eye by their flaring light. Hence, a clear chamber-lamp, burning with the least possible smoke and smell, is far preferable, and more soothing to the eye, than even wax candles. Some of the lately improved patent lamps, originally contrived by M. D. Argent, in Switzerland, are well calculated to answer every useful purpose; but instead of the common round screens, we would recommend the one we are about to describe.

‘Those screens are the best, which are applied to one side of the light only, which is not larger than is necessary to cover the

flame, and which still admit a small quantity of light to pass through them. This is obtained by a simple contrivance of taffety, slightly gummed, and folded so that it can be carried about in the pocket. These little screens are very convenient in travelling, and are possessed of the essential advantage, that they over shade only the small angle formed for the individual who is affected with weak eyes, without depriving the rest of the company of light. In the day-time, on the occasion of sealing letters, for instance, the light of a candle or taper is more prejudicial to the eye than in the evening.'

'The genuine *Golden Rules of Economy*.—1. The present pleasures, produced by a large expense of money, by no means balance the future miseries of a wasted patrimony, dissipated fortune, and a decayed constitution.

2. There is great reason for us to make a reserve of property against the day of decrepitude; because, in old age, we want chiefly those comforts which only money can procure: a comfortable house, a warm fire, delicate living, and a little share of authority, which, in the last stage of life, is exceedingly soothing and acceptable.

3. Perhaps society cannot show a more pitiable figure, than either a very old man or woman, who, having spent their substance in the flattering gaieties of youth, are reduced, in the most helpless situation, to live upon accidental strokes of generosity, and to be at once ridiculed and relieved.

4. If an old person expects to receive the least degree of attention from the world in general, or even from his relations in particular, it must be by the force of happy circumstances in his favour; such, for instance, as arise out of a fortune accumulated by the industry or ingenuity of youth. This will render the veteran respectable among his domestics, and make even his utmost infirmities supportable. Whereas, if an old man has no testimonials of his economy to produce, he will crawl contemptibly about the world; be upbraided for his former prodigality, even by his own children, who, having no hopes, will consider him as an incumbrance; and, wanting the various attentions which are necessary to the accommodation of the last scene, his continuance in the family will be irksome, his life must be supported by the contributions of the charitable, and he must die unmourned. Keep, therefore, the staff in thine own hand.

5. The same principle of prudence which makes it necessary for a man to provide against the wants and infirmities of age, should prevail with a man, to provide against the wants and infirmities of distemper. Let the sick man rather depend on the panacea of his purse, than on the pity of his physician. A very healthy person is very soon reduced to his chamber, and we are all liable to the most inveterate disorders. It often happens that a stout young man, in the very vigour of existence, is brought to such a state, as to depend on the servitude of another, for his assistance in those very points, which, in a state of health, he would blush to make known to a second person. If these feeble-

nesses continue for any length of time, nothing but the power of paying our attendants well, can make them be done cheerfully, if at all. A sick spendthrift is, therefore, a horrid spectacle; his nurse becomes negligent; his physician gives him now and then a call, upon the score of humanity—he wants strengthening and restoring comforts, both of the kitchen and the arm-chair; and, what is worse than all, rebukes himself, for having squandered, in the hour of superfluity, what should have been reserved for the moment of exigence.'

Can we conclude our excerpts from this comprehensive volume, with a more striking and all-important passage, than that which offers us an—

'*Elixir of Long Life*.—Various modes have been devised for strengthening the stomach, and keeping the whole apparatus of digestion in good condition. In Sweden, the elixir of Dr. Jernitz was held in general repute; and, as a proof of its efficacy, it is stated that the doctor himself lived to the age of one hundred and four years, his son to one hundred, and that the whole family, by the constant use of it, attained a great age. Numbers also in the same country, are said to have received great benefit from it. The following is the receipt for making this elixir, as presented to Sir John Sinclair, Bart.; which, whether it may prolong life or not, we cannot disapprove of, as an excellent stomachic tincture. It has been tried in England, and found serviceable to the stomach; and by strengthening that important organ, it is said also to render persons less liable to catch cold:—

'Take Socotrine aloes, one drachm. Zedoary root, Gentian root, Levant saffron, fine rhubarb, in powder, each one drachm. Venice treacle, one drachm.

'The first five mentioned articles being finely powdered, are to be passed through a sieve, and afterwards put into a bottle with the Venice treacle, and a pint of good brandy added to them. The mouth of the bottle is to be well stopped with wet parchment, and when this dries, several holes are to be made into it with a pin; it is to be left for nine days, observing occasionally to shake it well up. On the tenth day, the infusion is to be carefully poured off, as long as the liquor continues clear, into another bottle; which is afterwards to be well stopped with linen. A second pint of brandy is afterwards to be poured upon the dregs, for a second infusion, which is to be left for nine days more in the bottle, well stopped as before, and shaken in the same manner. On the tenth day, pour off again into another bottle, as long as it passes off clear; and when it begins to be turbid, it should be filtered through cotton in the funnel several times: the two infusions are afterwards to be added, and kept in a stopper bottle for use.'

'By the daily use of this remedy, it is said that one may live for a very long time, without requiring bleeding, or any other medicine or preservative against contagious diseases. It throws out the small-pox without any danger; and it possesses this admirable property, that a very strong dose of it may be taken,

should occasion require it; and it is also as serviceable in small quantities, according to circumstances. It is directed to be taken in the following manner:—For sickness at the stomach, one spoonful, quite pure; for indigestion, two spoonfuls in four of tea; for drunkenness, two spoonfuls, quite pure; for colicks, two spoonfuls, in four of brandy; for fits of the gout, during the fit, and particularly when it is getting up, three spoonfuls quite pure; for worms, one spoonful before eating, for eight days; for the dropsy, one spoonful in white wine for a month; for intermitting fevers, (agues,) a spoonful quite pure before the cold fit; and, if the fever is not cured by the first or second dose, it will undoubtedly be so by the third.

'The only precaution necessary in taking a large dose of this elixir, is, to eat nothing raw, to take neither milk nor salad, and not to go too much into the open air. The quantity to be taken daily, as a strengthener of the stomach, is seven drops for women, and nine for men. Very old people should take, besides, a spoonful quite pure, every eighth day.'

Whom shall we blame, if we now fail to live well and last long?

Memoirs of Mrs. Siddons; interspersed with Anecdotes of Authors and Actors. By JAMES BOADEN, Esq. 8vo. pp. 776. London, 1826. Henry Colburn.

BIOGRAPHY is a pleasing, though often a difficult task. Much is required to render due justice to the subject. The historian must possess many requisites, and to his natural qualifications must join a candid impartiality, and a lengthened and often laborious research. He is merely the etcher of facts, and he has no right to colour them: his province is to record both virtues and failings, and an undue strain of panegyric on the one, or a sweeping and overpowering censure on the other, alike betrays a want of judgment, and takes off from his remaining veracity that effect it would otherwise have produced. It too often happens that biography is disgraced by partiality or dislike, and, like an air in music, *improved* by variations, it loses its original tone and sweetness, and becomes meretricious, glaring, and something untrue. In addition to avoiding a bias, a clear, simple, and unpretending style is requisite; nor is digression, if too often indulged in, judicious: an occasional retrospect, or a comparison, may relieve attention, but repetition too frequently distracts it, and, similar to an undigested plot, amazes by its introduction of characters, but creates interest for none of them. No range in biography requires greater qualifications in the biographer, or deeper care, than in the record of a theatrical life. The warrior may be known by his deeds, and those may be minutely furnished from official despatches; the learned sage has an historian in his works,—the secrets of his study are often easily to be gathered; but the player carries his perfections with him, and when Death claims his victim, there is nothing but memory to supply the void, and that is at best a frail memorial. The painter lives on his canvas—the musician in his score; their triumphs are

enduring: but the boards of a theatre are trod by many feet, and although soul-breathing words may exist for ever, their impassioned utterance is lost the moment it is heard. Nor is it an easy toil to trace the gradual advance of genius in the theatrical profession. Its votaries have an ordeal to encounter, which too often proves fatal to their hopes. The man courted by admiring, elegant, and applauding audiences, has often played with nearly equal talent to the vacant heads and open mouths of gaping rustics; and the admired fair one—the idol of all classes, may have figured in a barn, the jest of the heartless many, and the pity of the kindly few. The intermediate space between these two extremes it is often impossible to fill up, and in consequence the narration is somewhat defective. It may be said that the vacuum is of little moment; but it becomes the eye of the biographer never to lose sight of the individual whose path he is pointing out, especially when the same track is pursued by a continual throng of aspirants, whose hopes are ever more buoyant than their fears are formidable.

We have been led into these remarks by the perusal of the present work. Mr. Boaden is a clever man, a man of genius, an author possessing much knowledge of the stage, one whose taste has brought him in contact with some of its brightest ornaments; but he has not written a life of Mrs. Siddons. The second portion of his title-page, viz.—Anecdotes of Authors and Actors, ought to have been the first,—and the character of the volumes would, in consequence have been more elucidated. It is true the great actress is a prominent figure in this scenic display; but she is grouped with the many, and is not sufficiently brought out. We quarrel not with what has been done, for it is well done; but we lament in this instance the extended knowledge of the biographer, which has evidently led him astray from the subject, and the concentrated interest he could have thrown on one, has been distributed among several. We are aware, that in narrating the actions of a gifted mortal, a slight glance must be given at the contemporaries of that individual; but yet the eye should turn again to the object of its first attention, (pleased with its change of position,) to relish succeeding beauties. In this mastery of subject consists one of the greatest charms of biography; and without it much of its intense effect is lost.

Having thus briefly though candidly given our opinion, we shall at once proceed to extract, without much regard to time or place, such passages as we think will best show the nature of this publication, premising that Mr. Boaden has succeeded very happily in the greater part of that which he now presents to the public. In his criticisms on Mrs. Siddons's performances, he is elaborately beautiful; his estimates of character are well drawn, and perspicuous; and his occasional notices of the departed dead, who once shared the favour of the town with one or two yet existing, have a freshness about them charming in the extreme.

The work is dedicated to the king, in a neat and appropriate manner; next suc-

ceeds an introduction in which Mr. Boaden gives his reasons for publishing the Memoirs of Mrs. Siddons during her existence, and a sort of an apology for not entering more minutely into the details of her life: in avoiding this, he has nearly run into the other extreme, of giving no life of her at all. But it behoves us to introduce our readers to the contents of these volumes:—

‘Mrs. Siddons, I have always understood to be senior to her brother, Mr. Kemble, by two years. She was born at Brecknock, in South Wales, in the year 1755, and was named after her mother, Sarah. From her she derived that exact and deliberate articulation, the ground of all just speaking. In her youthful acquirements, she had probably few aids beyond those of her parents, and could have none superior, as far as education conducted to professional excellence. In music, she attained a degree of vocal perfection, seldom heard among those comedians who travel, and, as early as in her thirteenth year, sustained the heroines of our English operas, and sang any incidental music, that either the play itself, or the copious attraction of the play bill in those days demanded.’

Her penchant for her future husband, and his qualifications for an actor, are thus mentioned:—

‘It is reported by an old and respected friend of the family, that in her 15th year, Miss Kemble excited an affection, which, at a different, though not very distant period, led to her union with Mr. Siddons. He was, when I knew him first, in the prime of life, a fair and very handsome man, sedate and graceful in his manners; and in his youth was capable of inspiring a passion quite as ardent as his own.

‘Mr. Siddons, as an actor, was valuable chiefly from his versatility,—he could do anything from Hamlet to harlequin. The parents of Miss Kemble probably expected that their daughter would look beyond the precarious profession of the stage; and, at all events, thought the age of fifteen too early a period to fix a destiny that must become irrecoverable. As, however, the youthful lovers were deeply and sincerely engaged to each other, the parents tried the effect of a temporary separation, and for, I think, two years Miss Kemble resided under the protection of Mrs. Greatheed, equally removed from her lover and the stage.

‘In this retirement she probably regretted the loss of her profession, something for itself, more as it seemed identified with her lover. A degree of impatience manifested itself in an application to Mr. Garrick. She privately informed him who she was, and solicited first his judgment, and secondly, his protection. The reader is to be informed, that in all the charms of her youth, Miss Kemble repeated some of the speeches of Jane Shore before him—he knows, too, by what an eye the music of her speech was heralded—Mr. Garrick seemed highly pleased with her utterance and her deportment; wondered how she had got rid of the old song, the provincial ti-tum-ti; told her how his engagements stood with the established heroines, Yates and Younge, admitted her

merits, regretted that he could do nothing for her—and wished her—a good morning.’

It may not be irrelevant here to introduce a rather laughable anecdote of Garrick, which we do not remember to have heard before—the detail is amusing, and the by-play (if we may term it so,) of the great actor, during Jack Bannister's declamation, has a good deal of point about it:—

‘My friend, John Bannister, gave me the following accurate detail of his own reception by Garrick; and even in the narrative veneration of the actor, the reader may indulge a smile at the vanity of the manager.

‘“I was,” says the admirable comedian, “a student of painting in the Royal Academy, when I was introduced to Mr. Garrick—under whose superior genius the British stage then flourished beyond all former example.

‘“One morning I was shown into his dressing-room, when he was before the glass preparing to shave—a white night-cap covered his forehead—his chin and cheeks were enveloped in soap-suds—a razor-cloth was placed upon his left shoulder, and he turned and smoothed the shining blade with so much dexterity, that I longed for a beard, to imitate his incomparable method of handling the razor.

‘“Eh! well—what young man—so—eh! You are still for the stage? Well, now, what character do you, should you like to—eh?”

‘“I should like to attempt Hamlet, sir.”

‘“Eh! what Hamlet the Dane! Zounds! that's a bold—a—Have you studied the part?” “I have, sir.” “Well, don't mind my shaving. Speak your speech, the speech to the ghost—I can hear you. Come, let's have a roll and a tumble.” (A phrase of his often used to express a probationary specimen.)

‘“After a few hums and haws, and a disposing of my hair, so that it might stand on end, ‘like quills upon the fretful porcupine,’ I supposed my father's ghost before me, ‘armed cap à pie,’ and off I started.

‘“Angels and ministers of grace defend us!

(He wiped the razor.)
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd!

(He strapped it.)
Bring with thee airs from heav'n or blasts from hell!

(He shaved on.)
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet!

King, father, royal Dane!—O, answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance.”

(He lathered again.)
‘I concluded with the usual—

‘“Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?”

but still continued in my attitude, expecting the praise due to an exhibition, which I was booby enough to fancy was only to be equalled by himself. But, to my eternal mortification, he turned quick upon me, brandished the razor in his hand, and thrusting his half-shaved face close up to mine, he made such horrible mouths at me, that I thought he was seized with insanity, and I showed more natural symptoms of being frightened at him, than at my father's ghost. “Angels and mi-

nisters! yaw! whaw! maw!" However, I soon perceived my vanity by his ridicule. He finished shaving, put on his wig, and, with a smile of good-nature, he took me by the hand. "Come," said he, "young gentleman,—eh, let us see now what we can do." He spoke the speech—how he spoke it, those who have heard him never can forget. "There," said he, "young gentleman; and when you try that speech again, give it more *passion* and less *mouth*."

Miss Kemble, after an effort of her father to prevent her marriage with Mr. Siddons, is eventually united to him, and after playing with considerable success at Cheltenham, makes her first appearance in London:—

"It was on Friday, the 29th of December, 1775, that this great woman made her first appearance on the London boards, in the character of Portia; she was announced as a *young lady* merely; and the arts of instilling favour into the town, if they were then known, were not in *her* case practised: the play-bills were only inserted in two journals of that day, the *Public Advertiser* and the *Gazetteer*, and the theatrical notices were confined to a very coolly coloured paragraph, dated from each theatre, and announcing, with modest penury of phrase, a performance to have been received, either with great, or *very* great applause. Taking all the even modern advantages of *underlining* at the foot of a bill inviting the town to see an unknown *young lady* in Portia on the Friday, they were told that Saturday would, at *all events*, be sure of its delight; for, in the *Mourning Bride* of Congreve, Miss Younge was to appear in Zara, and Mrs. Yates in Almeria!"

"Old Sheridan acted *Hamlet*, which might not do her much harm, at the other house; but King, in *Shylock*, at Drury Lane, could only remind the judicious of what was wanting. As an actor, that gentleman had nerve, vigour, point, and precision; but take away *passion* from *Shylock*, and he is "poor indeed:" that very word itself, as spoken by Henderson, was a volume of impression—

"Hath not a Jew eyes;—
Organs, dimensions, senses, affections,—
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King spoke the Jew, as he spoke *Touchstone* in the *degrees of the lye*, or *Puff* in the mystery of *puffing*, which the reader, of our times at least, knows to be the same thing. *Bassanio* was supported by the nasal solemnity of *Bensley*, a singular lover for a young lady not of age. *Reddish* acted *Antonio*, and *Vernon*, the *Viganoni* of the English opera, sang to the gentle *Jessica*; that lovely Hebrew was represented by a Miss *Jarrett*, and the pretty Mrs. *Davies* before mentioned, as *Clerk*, attended our female barrister into court.

"The after-piece, on this occasion, was the *Jubilee*, that season revived with much vogue. Mrs. Siddons was received with great applause, and repeated the character of Portia on the Tuesday following. The second night was weakness reduced to absolute certainty; as if the strength of Saturday had not been sufficient, Monday presented the *Lady Macbeth* of Mrs. *Yates*, which was by many degrees the best, until the maturity of her un-

thought of follower appropriated the royal murderer to herself."

Her reception, during her continuance at the metropolitan theatre, was not, however, so brilliant as to form a promise of her future celebrity, or to satisfy the hopes of the youthful genius:—

"When Mrs. Siddons quitted Drury Lane Theatre, at the end of her first season, the new management had come into full vigour, and it may be presumed, that Sheridan looked only for supporters to the *comic* muse:—he was then rising, or, as he feared, spoiling *Vanbrugh's Relapse*, and successfully composing his *School for Scandal*, on which his dramatic fame rests, and may rest securely. But whether he was actually blind, or partial, or indifferent, one gentleman, no mean judge of his profession, immediately engaged Mrs. Siddons for his theatre at Birmingham. There, under the management of Richard Yates, she acted the first business, and it was at Birmingham, in the summer of 1776, that Henderson first saw our greatest actress. He was immediately struck with her excellence, and pronounced that she would never be surpassed. He did more than this; he wrote directly to Palmer, the Bath manager, to advise an engagement of her without delay, as of the utmost importance to his concern,—but her cast of characters being at that time consigned by article to another lady, he could not immediately attend to Henderson's advice, which, however, did not sleep in his ear, for at Bath Mrs. Siddons nourished a fame in her art and a fashionable connection, that together, in a few years, brought her to the metropolis in triumph."

On the 10th of October, 1782, Mrs. Siddons, in the character of *Isabella*, in the *Fatal Marriage*, made her second appearance in London with the most inspiring success—the cast of the play was as follows:—*Biron*, *Smith*; *The Count*, *Packer*; *Carlos*, *Farren*; *Belford*, *R. Palmer*; *Sampson*, *Wrighten*; and the *Nurse*, *Mrs. Love*.

"Time had bestowed the tender dignity of the mother upon her beauty. As she came upon the stage with her son, followed by *Villeroy*, though desirous to avoid his suit, her step was considerate, and her head declined slightly, her eye resting upon her son. The first impression having been deeply made by her exterior, the audience was soon struck by the melancholy sweetness with which the following exquisite passage came upon the ear—referring to *Biron*—

"O, I have heard all this;

But must no more: the charmer is no more.
My buried husband rises in the face
Of my dear boy, and chides me for my stay.
Can't thou forgive me, child?"

and her fair admirers were in tears as she questioned her son. No art ever surpassed the perfect cadence of the next allusion to him:—

"Sorrow will overtake thy steps TOO SOON;
I should not hasten it."

"The interview with *Count Baldwin*, that chalky sideling personage, *old Packer*, was a good deal hurt by his insipid manner; but when he consents to provide for the child, on the condition that his mother never visits

him, Mrs. Siddons burst forth with the peculiar wildness of a mother's impatience, and the whole house told her that she was irresistible.

"WHAT! take him FROM me?—
No, we must never part; I LIVE but in my child."

"I remember the following passages with delight:—

"To find out HOPE, and only meet despair,
His little sports have taken up his thoughts."

Who besides her ever so spoke of play in the accents of wretchedness?
"Thinking will make me mad: why must I think,
When no thought brings me comfort."

On the arrival of the creditors, the answer to the nurse's earnest inquiry, "What will you do, madam?"

"Do! NOTHING!"
And, on the noise increasing—
"Hark, they are coming! Let the torrent ROAR;
It can but overwhelm me in its fall."

"He who remembers that word *NOTHING*, as Laertes has it, "so much more than matter," and recollects the position her eye-brows assumed, the action of her right arm, and the energy of her tone in the passage, "Let the torrent roar," may be assured that the greatest of tragedians then stood before him."

And, in continuing the critique, Mr. Boaden observes:—

"I wish it were in the power of the painter to fix every change of that living picture upon the canvas!—the courtesy while she cautiously examined the supposed stranger—the joy to observe no trace of *Biron*—the recognition of him—the stupor that weighed upon her countenance, while she sobbed out the mysterious communications previous to his retiring. The manner in which she occupied the stage during that dreadful soliloquy—*Biron's return*—the still more alarming exclamations of his wife, till she leaves him in despair.

"Every thing here had a truth of tone, and look, and gesture, to which all that I have ever seen in female art bore no comparison whatever. But until then, so noble a figure, and a countenance so expressive never stood before me."

"The last act has some admirable contrivances of the poet. *Isabella's* distraction—attempt upon the life of *Biron*—*Villeroy's* return—the death of *Biron*—the full detection of *Carlos*—the raving of *Isabella* and her death. But the laugh, when she plunges the dagger into her bosom, seemed to electrify the audience: and literally the greater part of the spectators were too ill themselves to use their hands in her applause."

We doubt not this excellent critique on Mrs. Siddons's first appearance will be read with considerable interest—by the young with a feeling of curiosity, and by the old with the reminiscence of youth; but we cease for the present; in our next number we shall resume the examination of this talented though desultory work.

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A Letter on the medical Employment of White Mustard Seed. By a Member of the London College of Surgeons. pp. 32. London, 1826. Carpenter.

THIS is an instructive and well-written letter, composed by one who evidently has paid great attention to his subject. The bruited efficacy of white mustard seed, has, according to our author, been productive of much harm, and this panacea, so renowned and lauded, is by him robbed of all its vaunted qualities, and reduced to a prescription—harmless if taken in small quantities, and deleterious if in larger ones. We are aware that this medicine (if it can be so called,) is a great favorite with the many, and employed with great avidity in numerous cases, particularly in dyspeptic complaints. The British public has ever been noted for a stupid reliance in that which is new and notorious, and repeated disappointments have done nothing to dissipate this absurd mania. In the present instance, we are inclined to think, from this able statement, that another proof of gullibility has been added to a list already extensive; and the thanks of mankind are due to those who first awaken the deluded from their trance, and strip from a boasted remedy its meretricious covering. At all events, an opinion contrary to one established by practice is ever worthy of attention, and, when delivered with candour, and supported by facts, becomes the more important, and worthy of consideration. With this view, we intend to let the writer of this letter speak for himself, not doubting that an interest will be created with many of our readers,—which may at least amuse, and may possibly prove of service.

This small publication was originally addressed to the editor of a medical periodical, but was excluded on account of its length. The author speaks boldly; for, after giving his residence in Spring-Gardens, he thus exclaims,—“I have no wish to screen myself behind an anonymous signature, nor to mix myself up in contemptible notoriety with what is altogether worthless. If any feel aggrieved at an inadvertancy of expression, my name is as *comeatable* as my personal abo le.” He thus begins:—

‘Perhaps no remedy ever excited so much general conversation, and at the same time so little rational inquiry as the white mustard seed: it suddenly became omnipotent of cure without the physician being aware of its efficacy, or that it was even endowed with a chemical subtlety on which an operation of any sort could be grounded. At the present moment, it actually constitutes in itself a family medicine chest, nearly throughout the kingdom. In France it has succeeded to the medical honours of *eau de Cologne*—at the toilette of every lady of fashion; and over more distant parts of the continent it is shewn to the proof, that an active agency is quickly realizing (by all that money and ingenuity can devise) the grand scheme of universal specific: so that the opposite varieties of climate and disease must all fall within its corrective and salutary influence. Surely our forefathers were sadly lacking their cus-

tomary shrewdness, when they estimated so lowly the sanative properties of this singular production! for the curative wonders with which it is now daily accredited, really threaten to annihilate an entire profession,—Doctor Gilead Solomon,—and even the almost as marvellous Prince Hohenlohe.’

After an exposure of the assumed qualities of the white mustard seed, its opponent relates a case, in which, from the taking of it, a young female, named Amy Roberts, slowly recovering from a fever—expired; and, by a post mortem examination, he clearly proves that the cause of her dissolution was the administration of several large doses, recommended by a talkative doctress in the neighbourhood. The account of the dissection is explanatory and conclusive. Not content with his own observation, our author resolved to try its effects upon himself. We subjoin the result.

‘About this time an artfully drawn up paper, carrying with it certainly some show of sincerity, fell in my way. Judging from the respectability of its vouchers, it seemed no longer deniable, that almost unerring success followed the wholesale consumption of the seed, both at home and abroad; and its superiority was proclaimed in a tone of such confident boldness, united with a show of so much pious philanthropy and pure disinterestedness, that it was a mercy the president of the Royal College of Physicians did not lend a believing ear. In the midst of so many puzzles and paradoxes—in which, by the by, the evidences of one’s senses was fairly belied,—I determined to *dive into its very essence*, and thus set at least my own mind at rest;—to put it to the most rigid and repeated chemical test, and then try its results by speculative doses on myself. It is true, I had previously injured my health by similar freaks with hydrocyanic acid, strychnine, and other novelties; yet, at the commencement of this feat, I considered myself a fair subject for its exhibition, being simply and plainly dyspeptic, from a deficient secretion of bile: and as my medical friends were as much in the dark with respect to its modus operandi in the accomplishment of these cures as myself, I was buoyed up with the hope, that, if I discovered its miracle-working properties, I might be able, by my own sensations, to disclose all its secrets to others. With these views did I take to it, at first kindly and quietly swallowing the seed whole, and in faithful compliance with the prescribed regulations, that the thing might have fair play, and a full opportunity to develope itself. The inconvenience it produced, during the penance of a full three weeks, I disregarded pretty much, although it sadly aggravated the very symptoms it professed to remove, with an unvarying inclination rather to constipate than unbind the bowels: it created generally (but more particularly as the dose was increased,) that sensation between pain and pleasure, which arises from an over-abundant dinner; a feeling of dryness and heat along the intestinal canal, especially about the rectum, giving also to its contents the most abominable fetor. And this odious property, I am convinced, in part transpires through

cutaneous exhalents, as my person became not only offensive to others, but perceptibly so to myself.

‘I am not, I fancy, easily dissuaded from a good resolve, let the nature of the undertaking be what it may; but in this pursuit I should have slackened to a halt, had I not been goaded on by the incredible assertion of an eminent physician, that white mustard seed was in its operation uniformly laxative. Therefore, to confirm a discovery so important, I determined, in my obstinacy, to take at least enough, knowing that in these days nothing is more common, than for all classes to chime in with the popularity of any thing having a name, rather than bestow one thought upon the possibility of an imposition. My daily portion, then, of this delectable trash, was gradually augmented, aided by tea, and the diluent help of barley water, until, finding my stock of amiability decline, even to the loss of temper, I made one grand and desperate effort, and engorged at a meal as much as sufficed me for both breakfast and dinner. In proportion as the bulk was increased, the “flatulence,” costiveness, and “oppression” were multiplied; and at last to such an unbearable extent, that had it not been for the timely assistance of a friendly Seidlitz, I might have had good cause to rue so silly an exploit.’

After briefly adverting to the opinions of other medical men, which he combats, we think successfully, he thus concludes:—

‘It is indeed, though a simple, a somewhat mischievous article for intelligent folks to dignify with the reputation of “specific;” a specific, too, for nine-tenths of the formidable ailments, with which by this climate and our folly, we are continually assailed. It has been again thrust into ephemeral notice by the mistaken zeal of some sincere philanthropist, or, what is far more likely, by the artful scheming of some of our daily projectors, who never speculate beyond their own benefit. Had it been gifted with any remedial powers, or destined to uphold the popularity it aspires to, it would not have sunk into forgetfulness eight-and-twenty years ago, when a similar attempt, with less money, was made to force it down the capacious throat of credulity.

‘I say again, had white mustard seed been really invested with a tythe of the sovereign virtue it has assumed, its own merit would have perpetuated itself. Once admitted an approved medicine, it would, under the sanction of the College, have shared in that triumph over disease, which constitutes the hope and professional repute of every honest practitioner.

‘In the very same breath it is recommended for diseases exactly opposite to each other,—diseases not at all connected by cause, seat, development, or curative indication. It can, by one and the same dose, either excite or diminish excessive action. We are told—“It is always safe in the absence of decidedly inflammatory symptoms;” yet it is to be given in scarlet, typhus, and other fevers, which never existed without them. It is proposed for the relief of a “scanty secretion of urine,” without inheriting more diuretic peculiarities than so much unground wheat; and it un-

failingly removes dyspepsia, with all its attending miseries, without the least power to influence the action of the liver, on whose disordered function the malady depends. As I have stated nothing I cannot prove and defend, I am ready to break a lance on fair ground with any one willing to contend *for the sake of science alone*; but if I am assailed by a horde of interested mustard dealers, I shall estimate the attack pretty much as I now value the article they vend.

'Already have they had the impious hardihood to advertise thair calling "a blessing to mankind;" and if aught can beget the genuine feeling of contempt, and make that feeling mount to indignation, even it is surely to be pardoned when we see our religion prostituted to so base a purpose.'

In thus largely extracting from a pamphlet, containing but a few pages, we are actuated by a desire of provoking controversy on this point—as from argument, substantiated by examples, much can be gained. The public in general must be interested in this matter, as, we doubt not, a considerable portion of society has been induced to try this far-famed panacea.

Cumberland's British Theatre, Vol. XIV. HAVING, just previous to the completion of the volume now before us, availed ourselves of an opportunity of pronouncing a very favourable opinion of Cumberland's British Theatre—an opinion which, we are happy to find, is confirmed by many of our most respectable contemporaries,—we shall, on the present occasion, content ourselves with extracting a portion of the editor's remarks on *The Wheel of Fortune*, as a fair specimen of the just and able criticism with which each particular play is ushered in:—

'Those ignorant fanatics who declaim so loudly against the immorality of the stage, would do well to read *The Wheel of Fortune*; which, though bearing the profane name of comedy, may be justly said to lend its powerful aid to the cause of virtue and religion; by painting in true colours the fatal consequences of that most destructive of all vices—gaming, and by inculcating, through the medium of an example perfectly sublime, one of the greatest of all Christian duties—forgiveness of injuries.'

The character from which the piece derives its principal interest, is the misanthrope, Roderick Penruddock—a man who, like Kotzebue's Stranger, had become disgusted with the world, from having proved the victim of its perfidy and ingratitude.—Retired to a remote cottage, with a moderate pittance, he had for many years ceased to have commerce with mankind; and having been disappointed in the pursuit of happiness, had sought refuge in tranquillity and solitude. This solitude is, however, disturbed, by the intelligence that the will of a deceased relative had made him the heir of large possessions;—and fortune, as if to put his philosophy and virtue to an equal trial, places at the same moment in his power the very rival whose treachery had betrayed his early friendship, and blighted his fondest hopes; therefore, if any latent desire of vengeance still rankled in his bosom, there

now awaited, to the fullest extent, its proudest consummation, and its final triumph.

'The action commences with the arrival of Mr. Timothy Weazel, attorney-at-law, booted and spurred, in a forest, in which, seated amidst a group of trees, the cottage of Penruddock appears. Mr. Weazel, having satisfied himself that this solitary dwelling is not the immediate haunt of wild beasts, or banditti, by a short colloquy with Dame Dunckley, the ancient and sole domestic of the secluded owner, ventures to knock at the door. Penruddock opens the casement, and having questioned Mr. Weazel in no very courteous terms, he prefers dealing with the attorney (as every prudent person would,) on the outside of the house, and in open air. He receives the news of this extraordinary bequest, with that philosophical indifference which a true estimate of the value of riches naturally inspires; but when he learns that the man who had so deeply injured him is placed at his mercy—that the proud house of Woodville lies subdued at his feet, a very different feeling agitates his frame,—gold, which he held as dirt, becomes his deity, and he burns for the gratification of that passion so nobly described by the poet:—

"Revenge, the attribute of gods—they stamp'd it
With their great image on our natures."

The dishonoured friend, the broken gamester, Woodville, next appears in the forest, in search of Penruddock, to offer him the pleasant alternative of either forgiving or fighting him.—They meet; each party takes a pistol, and 'an affair of honour' is only prevented by the timely interference of one Mr. Sydenham, who describes himself as 'a very idle fellow, who has thrown away much goodwill upon his friends.' This gentleman, upon receiving a packet from Woodville, with an injunction to give it to the survivor, if he (Woodville,) should fall, discovers it to be the hand-writing of Mrs. Woodville; he resolves that this fortunate mediation shall not be rejected; an armistice is decreed, and he presents the packet to Penruddock, who retires into his cottage to read it; and the scene closes.

'And now the recluse appears once more in London, attended by Mr. Timothy Weazel, who sticks to him with true professional pertinacity. His first adventure is in the house of Woodville, which presents a melancholy spectacle—the servants dismissed, the doors locked and sealed, and an officer (technically speaking,) in possession. Here he encounters Henry Woodville, the son, an ardent enterprising young soldier, who seeks his unhappy parents in their once-splendid home, unconscious of the ruin that has overwhelmed them. Instead of the long-anticipated welcome of kindred hearts, he meets the uncouth form and stern countenance of the misanthrope, who, without disclosing his real character, answers his inquiries with seeming indifference. From his lips he learns the dreadful story of his parents' misfortunes; in the agony of his despair, he invokes his curse on an inheritance derived from gaming and dissipation, and speaks bitterly of the wretched heir—the gloomy, melancholy re-

cluse, who 'issues like a hungry lion from his den, to ravage and devour.' His ill-timed impetuosity stifles the generous compassion that was rising in the breast of Penruddock, and he resolves, as a punishment to the insolent libeller, to exact his full measure of revenge.

'An admirable scene of humour—a true picture of life, now occurs; Mr. Weazel, as factotum, appears in the splendid saloon of the late Sir George Penruddock, surrounded by a troop of servants in deep mourning, to whom he makes an address which may be pronounced a masterpiece of laconic condolence. He hitches in, by way of moral, a quotation from Shakspeare, (which proof of good taste is sufficient to redeem a hundred attorneys from perdition,) and, having eulogised their old master, very naturally reverts to their new: and it seems to be the general opinion, that of the two, their old clothes are likely to set the easiest. Mr. Jenkins, it seems, cannot live without 'his comforts,' for he is a man of taste, and has his 'little gentlemanly recreations'; and Mr. James, and his myrmidons, with a laudable anxiety, inquire whether the 'strange gentleman will allow them bags, canes, and nosegays.' Penruddock enters—desires that some 'old woman,' if such be in the house, may be sent to attend upon him. At the suggestion, however, of Mr. Weazel, who acts as his Pylades, and professional adviser, he desires to be shown to the gayest chamber.

'He now enters a magnificent ball-room, where preparations had been making for the celebration of a grand fête, had not death, by a stroke of apoplexy, forestalled the owner's intentions. Here occurs his second interview with Henry Woodville, who arrives, according to appointment, to meet Penruddock, but still unconscious that he is the individual upon whom the fate of his family depends. Penruddock puts a case hypothetically, exactly similar to his own, and asks the young soldier what the wretch deserved who so cruelly abused the confidence of his friend? The answer is prompt and decisive—'Death from your hands, and infamy from all the world.' Penruddock informs him that the wretch is his own father, and that the victim is himself. The meeting abruptly terminates; Henry rushes out to seek his father,—to learn, from his own lips, the truth or falsehood of this astounding and unlooked-for accusation.

'An affecting interview with his parents follows; from them he receives the sad confirmation of Penruddock's injuries. He returns to the recluse, and after atoning, by the fullest acknowledgment of his error, for his impetuosity, makes a tender and manly appeal to his benevolence. And here the sublime part of Penruddock's character begins to unfold itself: he is charmed with the spirit of the young soldier; the sternness of his resentment softens under the influence of more amiable feelings, and from that moment he secretly resolves to exhibit a proof of the noblest of all virtues, from the difficulty of its practice, in the prejudices it has to overcome—that of returning good for evil. We have here an admirable stroke of nature: Henry is taking leave, when Penruddock ex-

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claims, 'A word before we part: you bear a strong resemblance to your mother—will you be troubled with a message to her?' These few words recall, with pathetic terseness, his melancholy tale; we discover what is passing in his breast; and though hope has fled for ever, a holier feeling has succeeded it—that of humanity. The majestic form, the sublime expression of Kemble's countenance, at this moment appear before us; and his tremulous tone, while pronouncing these words—"You bear a strong resemblance to your mother," still vibrates in our ear.

'Mr. Timothy Weazel, who is indeed a jewel of an attorney, now receives his final instructions from Penruddock. The splendid mansion of the late Sir George, with its costly furniture, are doomed to instant sale; the mourners in black, and the parti-coloured mountebanks in livery, are to be paid off, and dismissed: Mrs. Woodville's settlement, which had been dissipated by her imprudent husband, is restored to her; and the entire property of Woodville himself, that had also been swallowed in the general wreck, is consigned to his son. This last glorious triumph of benevolence over the dominion of an evil spirit, calls forth an unexpected burst of feeling from the lips of Mr. Timothy Weazel; with whom we part on the best terms imaginable, and concerning whom we may say, as it was said of one of the most amiable of his craft—honest Hickey—

"*Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper—*
Then what was his fault? Come tell it, and burn ye:
He was (could he help it?) a special attorney.'

'An interview of deep feeling follows between Mrs. Woodville (the once-loved Arabella,) and Penruddock, the grandeur of whose character is heightened by every succeeding incident: all parties are reconciled and made happy; and the comedy, which had been alternately smiles and tears, closes amidst the most pleasurable sensations.'

In this illustrative, explanatory, and amusing manner, the editor introduces us to tragedy, comedy, opera, and farce; frequently conveying much novel information, and always expressing himself with eloquence and spirit.

THE STANLEY TALES.

FROM the sixth part of this interesting little periodical we extract the following plaintive tale, which, although it bears some resemblance to one of Geoffry Crayon's finished and feeling narrations, yet possesses sufficient merit to warrant its insertion in our pages:

'THE BLIND WIDOW'S SON.'

"What stuff is this? Marry, a tale of love."
Old Play.

"Why did you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?"

William and Margaret.

'There is something in a country funeral particularly affecting. In my frequent journeys through England, I have never witnessed a mourning group, winding its sad and solemn way to the neighbouring church-yard, without feeling my sympathy awakened, and my curiosity aroused, to know the character

and the calling of him or her whose death had made a blank in the village circle. In a populous city, there are so many things to divide our attention, that the loss of an acquaintance is scarcely felt beyond the day; his place is quickly filled, and he is soon forgotten; but it is far otherwise in the rustic society of a country village, where a few are linked together, and from their constant intercourse often beget a friendship which is rarely to be found in the haunts of a busy town. They assemble at their evening clubs, to canvass the affairs of their little commonwealth, or to hear the news of the great world; from the cares of which they are happily excluded. They smile with good nature at each others' foibles, and he that can sing the best song, and tell the best story, is placed in the chair of honour; no one is happier than he. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, if a link drop from such a social chain, it is felt as a general calamity by those who survive its loss.

'I was last autumn on a journey, in the west of England, when I overtook, on a lonely by-road, a funeral, the appearance of which was so touching and romantic that I willingly became one of the mourning train. The body was supported by four young men; and over the plain oak coffin were scattered the prettiest and sweetest blossoms of the season. The curate of the neighbouring village walked before the humble hearse: he was a tall, venerable man, and his countenance bespoke an elevated cast of thought, "mild, pale, and penetrating," like the monk of Sterne; he seemed to soar above the common-place occurrences of life, and to fix his hopes of happiness on the kingdom of his Heavenly Father. I soon learned that the deceased was a youth, whose amiable disposition had gained him the love of all who knew him. And in the course of my inquiries, I gleaned this brief story, together with the cause of his premature death, which I mean to detail when I have described his funeral. The chief mourner was the mother of him whose remains we followed; there was something inexpressibly touching in her mute sorrow. She was stone-blind, and was led by her last surviving child, a thin sickly girl, who sobbed bitterly. The tears of the poor mother fell fast from her sightless eyes, as she grasped the arm of her only prop, as if she feared that death would snatch her also, and leave her quite desolate in a dark world. A group of young maidens, decked in white, with black ribbons, followed next, and each of them carried a basket of flowers to strew upon the grave. The old standards of the village, among whom I mingled, brought up the rear. I knew them all by appearance; there was the barber, with his brisk air and his chin new shorn; the exciseman was not to be mistaken, with his ruby nose and his official gait; nor was it difficult to discern Mr. Boniface, who waddled on at the side of a tall, thin figure, whose suit of time-worn sables, and mortified countenance, proclaimed the village doctor. A troop of minor characters filled the back ground of the picture. We soon halted at the church-yard; where the old grey-headed sexton, leaning on his

spade, stood ready to receive us. The church was a little Gothic structure of the last century, and its antiquated turrets, from which the bell was tolling for the soul of the departed, was time-worn and clad with ivy to the top. The dates on the moss-crowned tomb-stones referred, in general, to an age gone by, and to persons who had long since "shuffled off this mortal coil," and are now forgotten.'

"The breezy call of incense breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from its straw-built
shed,
The cocks shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly
bed."

'The interment was conducted with every mark of sorrow and respect; indeed, I seldom witnessed a more affecting scene. The funeral service was read by the worthy curate with much solemnity and grace; added to his impressive appearance, there was a tremulous emotion in his voice, which gave the best effect to the beautiful and simple language which he uttered. The spectators were all affected, even to tears; and I observed that the old sexton himself, as he heaped the clay upon the coffin, shared in the general sorrow; but the poor blind mother was the object of undivided pity and attention. She stood beside the grave, in the fixed posture of despair, till she heard the loose earth falling on the coffin, and the solemn words, "dust to dust," met her ear; it was then that the iron had entered into her soul, the lethargy of sorrow dissolved as a dream, and she awoke to the heart-rending reality of her desolate condition; but, prepared as I might have been for the burst of sorrow which followed, I was both surprised and shocked, when, with an energy of which I thought her feeble frame incapable, she flung herself on the yet unfinished grave, and raising her sightless eyes and her withered hands to Heaven, in the action of prayer, she exclaimed with a fearful earnestness, "May the curse of God light upon you and yours, Jane Merton, for robbing the widow of her son; may misfortune make your home desolate, and disease prey upon your heart; may the scourge"—but the minister of mercy interposed between her and the object of her curse, before it was completed; he raised her gently from the ground, and mildly exhorting her to patience, the service being now concluded, he led her away.

'It may be naturally supposed, that this unusual termination to the affecting ceremony raised within me a strong curiosity to learn by what strange fatality the deceased had come by his death. At first, I supposed, as I had heard that witches were common in that part of the country, that the young man had fallen a victim to a spell, and that Jane Merton was the weird-woman who had supplied the wicked means. This, to be sure, was not a very probable conjecture; but on inquiry, I found, magic excepted, it did not fall very short of the truth.'

'The following particulars I picked up here and there, during my short stay in the village of M—. It seemed that the young man, whose interment I witnessed, was of a

delicate constitution, and a melancholy turn of mind.

From all that I could learn of him, he must have been one of those beings of soul and sentiment, that we sometimes meet with, who appear to be formed of a finer clay, and to be cast in a more perfect mould, than the every-day creatures of the world. He was a wonderful admirer of nature, and his delight was to wander alone in the fields, to indulge in his meditations. He held but little communication with the young men of the village, yet he was neither dark nor distant; and to his blind mother, he was a dutiful and affectionate son. But he seemed to derive his chief pleasure from his lonely musings; perhaps, from the consciousness that he could find no kindred spirit to participate in his feelings.

At this period, the only daughter of Major Merton, a gentleman of considerable wealth in the neighbourhood, having finished her education at a fashionable boarding-school, returned home. Nature had made her a very lovely young woman; but she was vain, fond of conquest, and possessed very little feeling. It is true, she could weep at a pathetic story, and she was never at a loss for a pretty sentiment; but the current of her mind ran cold, although an occasional sun-beam might seem to light its surface. In an unlucky hour, her beauty caught the eye of the too sensitive boy, and he stood mutely gazing at her as she passed him in her father's carriage—he had never seen such loveliness before. She rose to his sight like the beautiful creation of a blissful dream; the realized vision of his brightest imaginings. He had long sighed for an object to which he could turn with confidence, and breathe the hopes and wishes, the fancies and conceptions, with which his soul was teeming; and here, he fancied, he had found that being.

His spirits seemed to receive a new impulse; he became more active, and less abstracted; the tide of his thoughts no longer spread itself over the face of nature, to wander unconfined amid its boundless beauties; it narrowed at once, and directed its course to one object. He haunted Major Merton's grounds from morning till night, and returned too happy to have snatched a passing glance at the form of his beloved. The young lady, like most young ladies, was not slow in remarking the conquest she had made; and although her ambition suggested that her lover was neither rich nor noble, her vanity was gratified by the mute homage of her lowly swain. There was something she thought delightfully romantic in the matter; and she resolved, *pour passer le temps*, to favour his addresses. She was deeply read in novels and romances, not the compositions of this description of the present day, in which good sense and propriety are to be found; but the loose productions of the French school, which too often find their way into fashionable seminaries. Her maid, too, who shared her entire confidence, was no stranger to intrigue.

The affair was conducted with all imaginable secrecy and caution. The usual means were resorted to. A note was dropped, and an assignation appointed. But who

can paint the raptures of the happy lover, when, trembling, confused, and unable to articulate, he stood before the object of his love? In short, the youth became the dupe to his credulity, and gave up his entire soul to a passion, the most delicate and refined. The artful girl, with the aid of her worthless confidant, left no means untried to effect her purpose.

She soon observed that her rustic lover was a perfect child of nature, a creature of sentiment and feeling, and she framed her discourse to suit with the turn of his mind.

The beauties and the wonders of nature presented an ample field, and her education afforded her the means of discoursing to advantage on these matters. When thus engaged, how eagerly would the unenlightened boy "devour up her discourse," how fondly drink—

"The dear delicious poison of her tongue." At first, he was timid, shy, and diffident; but he gradually became tender, impassioned, and eloquent; yet still, in all his words and actions, with the pure feelings inseparable from pure love, he preserved the most perfect respect towards the object of his passion. He viewed her as a being of a pure and exalted nature; a bright intellectual spirit, in the light of whose presence it was bliss to stand; the music of whose voice it was rapture to hear. A grove on her father's ground was the happy place where they met; and here, one evening, the enamoured youth ventured to give vent to his full heart, in a free confession of the passion that swayed his every thought, and gave life and vigour to his mounting hopes. The young lady appeared surprised and offended, she blushed and bit her lips; and then, with a heartless levity, she laughed in his face, and asked him if he could suppose that her condescensions were ever meant to have such a tendency? She then desired him, since his presumption had led him so far, never more to think of meeting her again; and with the air of offended dignity, left him and returned to her home. The unhappy young man could scarcely credit his hearing; he appeared lost and bewildered; his heart seemed to sink within him, and a cold-chill shot through his frame; he flung himself on the damp earth, where he lay in a state of insensibility till long after midnight, when he arose in a cold shiver, and, rather from habit than choice, he returned to his mother's dwelling.

"In hopeless, helpless, brokenness of heart."

A fever of the brain was the immediate consequence of his damp bed, and the excess of his feelings; and in his ravings, the frequent repetition of the name of his fair destroyer, but too well disclosed the cause of his disorder. In this state he continued some time, till the fever gradually abated, and he sunk into a calm: but, though nature had conquered the disease, the poison of despair was not to be eradicated. In time, he left his bed, and he once more wandered in the fields; but it was clear that his reason was impaired; he no longer stood to contemplate the heavens,

"Like some entranced and visionary seer." Nor would he stoop, as he was wont to do, and

pluck the wild blossoms that sprung up in his path, to admire the minuteness of their beauty. Pale, wasted, and woe-begone, he strayed from place to place, apparently unconscious that the sun was beaming in the sky, the flowers blooming in his way, and the birds singing around him.

It was feared while he continued in this state, that he would have attempted suicide; and some of the young men of the village, agreed in turn to watch him at a distance; but although he had witnessed the total wreck of his fondest hopes, though life to him was a cheerless blank, and death the only good he could hope, and pray for; his spirits were too weak to contemplate self-destruction: indeed, he was hastening to the grave in a way as certain, though less speedy. The essence of life appeared to evaporate by degrees from his wasted body, till, at last, a single sigh seemed sufficient to dissolve the union: and so it was. One calm evening, he lay down on the fatal spot where he last saw the object of his unhappy passion, and, with his arms folded across his breast, he breathed his last, as he faintly articulated her name.

The present part of the Stanley Tales is every way worthy of its predecessors, and we have no doubt the collection will become popular.

A General and Biographical Dictionary of the Fine Arts, containing Explanations of the Principal Terms used in the Arts of Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, and Engraving; Historical Sketches of the Rise and Progress of their different Schools, &c. By JAMES ELMES, M. R. I. A.

This excellent work is the joint-production of Mr. Elmes and Mr. James Ollier, the former well known for his architectural ability, and the latter, a gentleman of no mean or brief standing in the world of literature. The libraries of the Royal Academy and British Museum, have been liberally thrown open to these fellow-labourers—they have proceeded cordially and industriously in their task of research, amusement, and combination; and the result is a volume of incalculable utility to every student, professor, or patron, of the British school of art.

De la Monomanie Homicide; Examen Médical de quelques Procès Criminels dans lesquels l'Aliénation Mentale a été alléguée comme Moyen de Défense, &c. Par le Docteur GÉORGET, de l'Academie de Médecine.

In a medical point of view, this is a peculiarly interesting work. The tribunals of France have been recently much occupied with cases of that species of insanity which impels the sufferer to the destruction of his fellow-creatures, and, in most instances, seeks its victims among those it formerly loved best. The cases to which we have alluded, are too horrible for repetition, and besides, we doubt not, they dwell tenaciously in the revolting recollection of our readers. Dr. Georget maintains that these unfortunates were labouring under, what he terms, *homicidal monomania*; and, assisted by Dr. Gall, (a somewhat suspicious auxiliary, as many will

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consider,) he presents us with a mass of facts and statements remarkable both for their number and their nature. After all, the speculation is striking, ingenious, and not improbable; and, we have no doubt, will command deep and general attention.

Academical Stenography, being a simplified System of Short-Hand, adapted to the Juvenile Capacity. By J. WILLIAMS, Preceptor to Youth.

THIS volume is full of certain amusement, but of very uncertain utility. The author does all in his power to court the favour of the 'ladies and gentlemen,' who are 'the respected editors of esteemed publications'; but, though it may seem a very ungrateful return for the numerous laudatory remarks and zealous commendations, with which the book is filled, we are bound to say, that it is very unfit for juvenile students, and appears to us to be any thing but a simplified system of stenography.

Chronological Epitome of Wars in the Low Countries, from the Peace of the Pyrenees in 1659, to that of Paris in 1815; with Reflections, Military and Political. By Colonel Sir JAMES CARMICHAEL SMYTH, Bt. 8vo. pp. 430. London. Egerton.

SIR James informs us, in a modest and manly dedication of this book to the Duke of York, that he has here, 'for the convenience of military men, put that information into one volume, which, otherwise, could only be acquired by studying a variety of books, and by gleaning from the works of numerous authors.' That this was a desirable effort, and will be serviceable to those for whom it was principally intended, is unquestionable. The chronological Epitome is well and faithfully arranged, the style clear and simple; and the Reflections, 'military and political,' at once soldier-like and sensible.

ORIGINAL.

SPECIMENS OF ITALIAN POETRY.

TASSONI—LA SECCHIA RAPITA.

UNTIL very late years, we had no description of poem in this country, if we except the burlesque of Homer and Virgil, which bore any resemblance to the Italian mock heroic. And even the travesties we have mentioned ought to be referred to a different class of poetry, inasmuch as they have not that distinguishing property of the Italian productions, which consists in parodying a tale of chivalry. We have had our comic poems from Hudibras down to Beppo and Don Juan, and the numerous smaller fry, to which these great master pieces gave rise; but all these are of a description entirely dissimilar to the mock poetry of Italy. We may, therefore, consider this as a style of writing quite unknown to the generality of our readers, inasmuch as the few pure imitations, to which this country has given birth, are so mediocre in their execution, and obtained so little popularity and circulation, that we may safely invite attention on the simple plea of novelty. It is that consideration alone which induces us to gird up our loins to the task.

In Italy, the seventeenth century was a grand era for innovations and inventions of all kinds. It was then that men first began to thirst after novelty. The old and sterling works, which they had so long looked up to with a sort of veneration, began to pall upon their palates—they began to cast about for something new; and that was greedily devoured, which had the merit of novelty, no matter how unworthy. It satisfied the general irritation, or chimed in with, or awaked some unknown taste or feeling, which had never before been called into action: the sensation was new, and being new, it was found pleasing; the wizard, who had produced it, was deemed a prodigy—he was sought after, admired, idolised. This is no paradox, but perfectly in unison with human nature. The palate, which has indulged to satiety in venison and tokay, recurs with a relish ten times more keen to a slice of mutton, and can recognise a luxury in a draught of pure water. It was at this era, then, that the mock heroic first came into being, as a distinct species of poetry; and the Secchia Rapita, which stands at the head of our article, is usually considered as the first and best specimen of the kind.

For our own parts, we consider these poems to be far over-rated in general estimation. It is well known that all wit consists in contrast, that is, in calling up at the same moment, and together, two ideas so extremely opposite to each other in their original meaning, that one cannot help laughing at the oddity of their assortment. That being the case, it will follow that the greater and the stranger the contrast, the greater and the better the wit. An European naturally feels an inclination to laugh whenever he looks upon the physiognomy of an African—the contrast to his eye is grotesque; but he feels the titillation much more irresistible, when he beholds the broad black-pudding face leaning over the shoulder of one remarkably fair—because there the contrast is still greater. Hence we say, that a pun, to be good, must be either very good or very bad, meaning, that the contrast must be either remarkably striking, or so strangely ridiculous in its assortment, that you cannot preserve your gravity; no intermediate quality will do, because, then, the contrast would be insufficient. Now, the wit of the Italian mock heroic consists entirely in the contrast which arises from clothing an individual in a character entirely dissimilar to his own, and making all his words and actions correspond not with his original but assumed character. Thus the real personage in the poem is perhaps a country gentleman or tradesmen; he is dressed up as a knight, and made to represent and perform the actions and duties of a cavalier. It is certainly droll to see a plough-boy acting the fine gentleman; but it is much more droll to see a plough-boy acting his own character. In the first case, the contrast is strong enough, we admit, but it is too obvious; since it is well ascertained that the mind is more pleased at discovering some latent similarity, which requires some little exertion and ingenuity to discover, than that which requires none, but thrusts itself upon

observation. We laugh, heartily enough, it is true, at Liston's buffoonery; but we do not laugh the less, and we admire still more, Munden's or Downton's acting. There is more wit and more talent, because the contrast is less obvious, in the display of Munden, than in the display of Liston; the one is a character of genuine wit, the other of an inferior description, and one which resembles exactly the wit and character of an Italian mock heroic. If we needed any further proof of the truth of our remark, there is one at hand. When a gentleman, and by that we mean an educated man, listens to the conversations of the lower orders, he often hears remarks and sayings, which appear, and are to him, remarkably witty; but which are any thing but so to the mind of the person by whom they are spoken, or to whom they are addressed. This arises from the strange associations of idea which these remarks call forth in the educated mind; but the speaker not seeing, or not being capable of perceiving any farther allusion, than the mere and plain meaning of the words he has spoken, neither sees the wit of his remark, nor intends it. This is what we mean, by saying that there is a greater contrast perceivable in observing a man act his own character, than that created by making him act one in the greatest opposition and at the greatest variance to his own. We hope to have made ourselves understood, that it may not be said we are striving to detract from acknowledged merit without a fair and honest reason.

The origin of this poem was a wish to hold up to ridicule, and by that means, put an end to the petty wars and continual struggles for power, which, at that time, lacerated the whole of Italy. How far it succeeded we will not say, but the intention was good, and if it failed of success from want of talent in the execution, we are the less for that to withhold our praises from the author for his good principle and patriotic feeling. There may also have been a little latent satire, intended to bring into disrepute epic poems in general, the taste for which was at that time on the wane in Italy, like a stone which hangs poised on the brink of a precipice, and waits only for some mischievous kick to send it immediately toppling down. But if this was the case, neither is the satire very palpable, nor very poignant.

(To be concluded in our next.)

CONTINENTAL SCENES.

Mystification.

AN old man, well dressed, whose venerable appearance and white hairs claimed unanimous respect, lately made his appearance in the *Café de la Régence* in the *Place du Palais Royal*, at Paris. There was something of inspiration and enthusiasm in his countenance and manner, which struck every beholder. His conversation, for he soon commenced one with some of the visitors, added to the general astonishment. An old annuitant having led the discussion to the affairs of Turkey,—'The wretched Janissaries,' exclaimed the stranger, 'are at length revenged. Yesterday evening, at half-past

six precisely, a dreadful fire consumed the Imperial Palace, and the ferocious Mahmoud himself perished in the flames! The company here looked at each other, with a smile. 'And pray, sir, by what means did you acquire such early information of this event?' said a fat news-monger. 'I only departed from Stamboul this morning, at half past nine.'—'Really, sir, you place very extraordinary confidence in our good humour and credulity.'—'Credulity!' exclaimed the old man, 'I should put it to a severer trial, if I were to tell you—nay, to prove to you, that, last Monday, I partook of curdled milk in the hut of the Hottentot; that, on Tuesday, I breakfasted with the Grand Lama; that, on Wednesday, I supped at Washington, with President Adams; and, that, on Thursday, I went to Pekin, to revise the proof sheets of an epic poem, which I have dedicated to the all-powerful Emperor of China.'

The circle, which, by this time, had gathered around the narrator, pressed more closely, and this original old man was at once queried by every Parisian in the apartment. He, however, was by no means disconcerted, replied in the calmest manner imaginable, and it became scarcely possible to disbelieve assertions made with so much confidence and assurance.

'Nature,' he continued, 'so uniform in all her creations, and in all her decompositions, has, nevertheless, formed some few beings far superior to the common race of men. But these gifted creatures meet but with persecution where they should receive adoration. Even myself,—what have I been, but the victim of odious calumnies, ever since my appearance in France, during the last century?'—The attention of his audience redoubled.—'Yes, I have every where found vain and foolish men, ever more ready to gather calumny than to believe the truth. I have seen Aristophanes, on the stage, insult the wise, the tolerant Socrates; and I have heard the populace rend the skies with the praises of the vile buffoon as he ridiculed the greatest man that Greece ever produced; I have seen Confucius persecuted like a wild beast, by his fellow-citizens; I have given alms to Camoëns; I have consoled the unfortunate Tasso in his captivity; I was present at the *amende honorable* of Galileo; in fine, I have seen nothing but obstinacy and ingratitude. O! all-powerful God, why hast thou made incommensurable the circle of life which it is my destiny to run?'

'Wonderful man! who then are you?'—was shouted on all sides. 'Who am I?'—You would learn then?—I am the Count de Saint Germain.' Scarcely were these words pronounced, ere a terrible panic struck the souls of the hearers, and they rushed precipitately to the opposite end of the apartment. 'The Count de Saint Germain!' exclaimed they;—'that wonderful magician;—the companion,—the accomplice of the too celebrated Cagliostro:—stands he there?' 'Tis he, sure enough,' said the aged valet de chambre of a noble lord; 'I remember him well, although he looks somewhat older than when I last saw him, in the year 1777.' The Count de Saint Germain, in the midst of all

this tumult, sat tranquilly finishing his lemonade, without paying the slightest attention to the confusion around him. At this crisis, one of the company, more sensible, or more cowardly, than the rest, entered with the guard, who were preparing to lay hands on the illustrious sorcerer, when a fat female servant, covered with dust and perspiration, rushed, breathless, into the apartment, crying,—'Where is my poor master? where is he?'—at the same time seizing his arm, and endeavouring to lead him from the scene of confusion. 'How your master?' exclaimed the crowd:—'Is he not then the Count de Saint Germain?' 'He a count?—Bless you, gentlemen, this is M. Lunatique, the antiquarian, who lives in the Rue du Foin. Dear man, he has lost his wits with studying, and he fancies that he was born above five hundred years before the birth of our Saviour. I have the care of him, and he has made his escape while I was at the fruiterer's.' At these words, the robust governante led off the pretended magician; the guard was obliged to return empty-handed; and the worthy loungers of the Café de la Régence continued their chess, not, however, without an occasional trembling, caused by the appearance of the pretended famous Count de Saint Germain,—whose adventure I learned from a young and pretty girl, in attendance at the said Café de la Régence, Place du Palais Royal, at Paris.

NECROLOGY.

JOHN FLAXMAN, ESQ. R. A. &c.

On the morning of Thursday, the 7th instant, died at his house, No. 7, Buckingham Place, Fitzroy Square, John Flaxman, Esq., R. A. and Professor of Sculpture to the Royal Academy.

Mr. Flaxman was born in the year 1754. His father kept a small plaster-figure shop in the Strand, and the genius of the future professor was thus fostered by the daily contemplation of models of the best productions of Greece and Rome. He did not, however, confine his studies merely to the practical department of that art, in which he afterwards shone so pre-eminently, but early applied himself to the investigation of its theory, its history, and of whatever else appeared calculated to contribute to the advancement of his talent. While with his father in the Strand, he taught himself Latin, and afterwards, during a visit to Italy, added to his stock of knowledge a very considerable share of Greek.

His marble group of Athamas and Io was executed for the late Lord Bristol, and for which he is said to have received £600. This sum, however, proved far from sufficient to cover the actual cost, and Flaxman, in all but reputation, is supposed to have been rather a considerable sufferer by this commission. The very beautiful drawings, illustrative of the Iliad and Odyssey, were executed for Mr. Nayler, at the very inadequate sum of one guinea each. Those to illustrate the works of Dante were made for Mr. Thomas Hope, to whose classical taste and patronage the public are debtors in more than one instance.

St. Paul's contains several of Mr. Flaxman's most celebrated creations.

On the Continent, the fame of Flaxman is very widely spread; his originality and the poetical character of his mind are universally felt and acknowledged. In fact, it is to be feared that the pure love of his art, in its original feeling and dignity, rendered his pecuniary acquisitions less considerable than they would have been had he condescended to seek for a less noble yet more profitable popularity in the character of a bust-maker.

In private life, Mr. Flaxman was remarkable for the most rigid integrity and warm benevolence. He professed himself a member of the established church, but is said to have adopted in general the doctrines of Emanuel Swedenborg. He, however, did not associate with the members of that sect, and was entirely free from any thing like religious intolerance. He was married very early in life to a lady, whose death preceded that of her husband by several years.

On Friday, the 15th instant, the mortal remains of this lamented artist were consigned to their last resting place. It was, we understand, the intention of the Royal Academy to undertake the management and defray the expenses of the funeral; this, however, was declined in compliance with the will of the deceased who had expressed a desire that it might be private. Several of the Royal Academicians attended, mourners.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE ADVENTURES OF A PLAY.

* One sad losel soils a name for aye.

* * * * * Nor all that heralds rake from coffin'd clay,
Nor florid prose, nor honied lies of rhyme,
Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime.

Byron.

Now, gentle reader, pr'ythee don't imagine
That aught this simple story may unfold,
Betokens its too heedless scribe is waging
War with a churchman's honour,—or his
gold;

Or that it suits my humour to be paging

Aught of J—M—r—y that should be untold;
I love the church and state,—and, on my oath,
Believe, said J—n, a stable bit of both!

And rather would I underrate the naïveté
Aud wit (which, God forbid!) of quacking
Billy,

His skill poetic, and his matchless gravity,
Learning profound, and critiques never silly;

Rather, I say, than stoop to such depravity
Of taste and feeling, I would say that Willy,
Even now*, as ever, fails to reach his mark,
Wields a blunt sword, and fences in the dark.

And so Heav'n keep J—n M—r—y and his
M—l—n!

I'll to my tale:—in eighteen twenty-three,
A certain youth, seeking a certain hill, man,
'Yeapt Parnassus, (where there grows a tree
Of wond'rous power, to either cure or kill man,)
Composed a drama, and then, heedlessly,
For poets are such careless souls, and brave,)
His play he to a bibliopole (gave).

* See The Literary Gazette of December 9, 1826, in which, under the head of Anne Boleyn, a Tragedy, by H. M. Grover, certain characters are made to cut a very pretty figure; but this, of course, has nothing to do with our story.

J. W. D.

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Guards, l

This bibliopole, worthy man and wise,
Shrewd, prudent, practised, modest too,
Withal,
Not being inclined to trust to his own eyes,
(Though rarely they deceived him, if at all,) Consigned to *some one* the poetic prize
For an opinion if 'twould suit his stall?
We know not what the critic said, but will Suppose it full of sense and truth and skill.
Well, the young author (anxiously, no doubt,) Awaited the decision,—and it came;—
‘Polite’ but plain, and not less smooth than stout
The intimation:—*even Byron’s fame*
Can’t bolster up a play, [yet Milman’s flout
The indignant public eye!] *and you’re no name,*
So, though I cannot publish what you write,
I am your very humble servant, quite.
The poet burnt the note and shelved the play,
He did not like the business, nor would you;
Yet as these matters happen every day,
And have done ever since the world was new,
We are resigned, and bear them as we may.
There is still something for a man to do;
And if he can’t win fame, why, there is wine—
And if not wine, why, woman the divine!
And if not woman, there’s religion,—but
Enough of this.—Some two or three years fly,
And, lo! into the poet’s hand is put
A drama so like *his own* tragedy,
That he at first believed his eyes were shut,
(Oh, that they had been!) and that dreamily His mind had conjured up a vision fleet,—
He rubbed his eyes, ‘twas and ‘twas not—a cheat!
He read and rubbed, and rubbed and read again;
Even as a father hails a long-lost child,
So flashed before him the familiar strain,
Wakening affection warm, and wonder wild!
How well the bantling looked! without a stain
From time or trial! Was he not beguiled?
Is this the being of his loves and cares?—
Another’s name the treasured creature bears!—
As when the gipsy-felon tears away
Some beauteous blossom of a parent’s bower,
And holds the puolloined infant many a day;
He trusts not only to each growing hour
To ‘scape Detection, and lead Search astray,
But uses Cunning’s all-distorting power,—
So was the poet’s offspring wrought awry,
Yet still had signs for a fond father’s eye!
‘Now how should this thing happen?’ is a cry
As natural as falsehood;—how should you
Solve the strange mystery?—or how should I?
The gipsy in this case is *sage* and *true*
And most *respectable*,—his fame is high,—
His very word is worth a pound or two;
Besides, he scribbles in the Quarterly,
And, *therefore*, who dare doubt his sanctity?
But, after all, I ‘frankly’ will ‘avow’
Our gipsy-friend is ‘bound’ to ‘dissipate’
The ‘strong presumption raised against him
now;’
He has but to ‘deny’ the thing, and straight
The laurel blooms as freshly on his brow,
As if that brow had never felt the weight
Of secret shame,—and never blushed to be
Gazed at by honest eyes!—Well, we shall see;
And if (for *really* such a thing may be,) The plagiarist should prove to be no thief,
Our *Chronicle* shall dwell triumphantly
On *accident* and *honour* and *belief*,
Proving that booksellers’ fidelity
And priestly probity, are still the chief
(Though so ne have much aspersed the gentle
hand,) Guards, lights, and ornaments of our poor land!
J. W. D.

TO ——.

‘Give me the calm delight, that not betrays
Oblivion of all things—Alas! of thee.’—Anon.
No, not of *thee*—*thy* lovely face
Oblivion must not darken o’er,
Nought else in memory would I trace—
No other vanished bliss restore.
But that sweet melancholy mien—
The lip that mine may never press.
Oh! be they as they e’er have been,
Still soothers of my loneliness. DG —

STANZAS.

Oh! seize life’s present hour of spring,
Ere yet is felt the wintry blast;
Ere yet Oblivion o’er it flings,
Her murky shroud—e’en now ‘tis past!
Ay—whilst we mark her distant flight,
And idly deem her far away,
She steals upon us as the night
Steals on the twilight eve of day.
Unheard, unseen, unfelt she sweeps
O’er all alike, or high or low;
Save where her court fair Genius keeps,
Or Science shows her radiant brow.
Then seize the present hour of spring,
Bid Genius laurel’d flow’rets bloom;
And Science her bright rays shall fling
Around, and gild her favourite’s tomb.
Nov. 1823. H. B.

FINE ARTS.

Chronological History and Graphic Illustrations of Christian Architecture in England, embracing a Critical Inquiry into the Rise, Progress, and Perfection of this Species of Architecture, &c. &c. By JOHN BRITTON, F. A. S. 4to. Eighty-six Plates. London, 1826. Longman and Co.

We have more than once had occasion to notice Mr. Britton’s literary labours, but not one exceeding in its usefulness, and the mass of information it contains, this supplementary volume of his *Architectural Antiquities*, although not so attractive to ‘the many,’ as its predecessors, inasmuch as the subject itself and the graphic illustrations are treated more scientifically than popularly; it is on this very account more valuable to the student, and to whoever is desirous of obtaining a systematic knowledge of the architecture of our ancestors. The obscurity in which the subject was involved, the desultory manner in which it has been taken up, and the numerous and conflicting opinions and hypotheses which have been started respecting the origin of this style of building—the principal point to which writers have directed their attention, rendered the task one of no ordinary difficulty and one that demanded no ordinary degree of patience and perseverance. That the author has accomplished his arduous undertaking successfully, will not be disputed; and although his labours do not render those of others in the same field unnecessary, they will tend greatly to facilitate the task of those who may undertake to write a fuller history of the architecture of the middle ages.

After an introductory chapter, containing a brief review of the introduction of Christianity into this island, and of the religious rites and ecclesiastical economy of our ancestors; the author proceeds to discuss the propriety of

the various designations that have been applied to this style of architecture, and to examine the theories which have been started as to its origin, laying before the reader an analysis of the different works published on the subject. On so very debateable a point almost every writer has brought forward some new system: of these some have an air of great probability, some are ingenious, and others are more remarkable for their fancifulness than for any thing else. The comparative view here afforded of them, is exceedingly curious and interesting; yet we could have wished that the author had expressed his own opinions more explicitly, for at present we are left to adopt that which may appear to us to be the most congruous. Mr. Britton objects strongly to the term ‘Gothic,’ for which he would substitute the epithet Christian; but the former is now so thoroughly naturalized among us, that there is little chance of its being superseded by any other designation. Even that which he proposes is not without its disadvantages, as it might with almost equal propriety be applied to other styles. In fact it is too comprehensive to be sufficiently characteristic of any individual style of architecture. We do not profess to offer one better than that now in use, and however objectionable it may be with respect to historical truth, and although originally applied as a somewhat opprobrious term, to us it designates with sufficient precision that beautiful species of architecture of which the pointed arch is the general feature. Every other appellation is either too vague, or too paraphrastic—inconveniences that hardly compensate for what may be esteemed greater accuracy. Of the other terms, ‘Pointed’ seems to us to be the best, as being the most characteristic, and the least vague; and this may be subdivided into the two classes of ‘acute-pointed,’ and ‘obtuse-pointed’ which are sufficiently distinctive as general appellations.

We perfectly agree with Mr. Britton, that these terms are very imperfect, as they convey no idea whatever of the other features of the buildings thus classed; yet this objection, if such it really be, applies equally to the nomenclature of the Grecian orders.¹ When, for instance, we are informed, that a building is of the Corinthian or Doric order, we are still left in complete ignorance as to its character in every other respect. It not only conveys no idea of any other part of the structure, but leaves us in doubt even as to the manner in which the order itself is applied. Indeed, in this respect, it may be considered as far more vague than either of the two epithets we have mentioned, for it is frequently employed to designate a structure, in which, beyond the columns and the entablature, there is not a single characteristic of ancient architecture: it acquaints us neither with the other enrichments, nor of the total absence of them. To confess the truth, we should rather have to blame the poverty of architecture, than to praise the richness of language, could any term be invented, that would at once mark every peculiarity of any one style that ever yet existed: we should, therefore, be very

well satisfied with 'Pointed,' as a general term, and with 'acute-pointed,' and 'obtuse-pointed,' as those marking the two distinctive classes into which it may be divided. We are aware that even the terms themselves may be considered very solecistical, as a *point* can be neither acute nor obtuse; but, by the former, we mean that class of the *pointed* style which has acute arches; by the other, that in which the arches are obtuse or depressed: and we should prefer them to the epithets 'acute-arched,' and 'obtuse-arched,' as allied in sound to the generic term. After all, it would be but hyper-criticism to cavil at these kind of compound words, if sufficiently expressive and intelligible in themselves, since they are not at all more barbarous or solecistical than the generality of scientific terms in vogue.

After treating of the Saxon and Norman styles, Mr. Britton arrives at pointed architecture and its varieties; which may be regarded as a regular system from about the year 1135; although the *incidental* use of the pointed arch occurs in earlier buildings. From this period commences the first of the three divisions, under which he classes the pointed style. He comprehends about one hundred and five years from the accession of Edward I. to that of Richard II., 'and thus includes the long reign of Edward III. during which, perhaps, for grace, and elegance of proportion,—for richness of decoration, without exuberancy,—and for scientific skilfulness of execution, the Pointed style received its greatest improvements.' The third division extends to the early part of the reign of Henry VIII., when it was superseded by a mongrel, non-descript style, in which the Roman or Italian orders were applied in the most incongruous manner.

This portion of the work is highly instructive and interesting, containing descriptive notices of the principal edifices belonging to these respective styles, and being illustrated with a series of admirable engravings, the subjects of which are judiciously selected, so as to exhibit every variety of feature and character in our ancient ecclesiastical architecture, from its first dawn to its total extinction. The value of this work is still further increased by several very useful lists and tables:—a List of Architects and Founders of Buildings; a Chronological List of Ecclesiastical Edifices; Monuments, Pulpits, and Stone Crosses; an Architectural Dictionary; and copious Indexes.

These lists, the result of extensive inquiry, and considerable labour, must tend materially to facilitate the progress of the student, and to refresh the memory of those who are already familiar with the subject, serving as an historical chart, which may easily be referred to on every occasion.

Our notice of this work is, we confess, by no means, commensurate with its merits, but we have no doubt that those who are interested in the subject, will be induced to examine this splendid and elaborate volume, which will not certainly derogate from the reputation of its author.

Scenery of the Rhine, Belgium, and Holland.
From Drawings by CAPTAIN BATTY, F. R. S. &c. 4to. London, 1826. Jennings.

Hanoverian and Saxon Scenery, Part I. From Drawings by CAPTAIN BATTY. 4to. London, 1826. Jennings.

OUR opinion of Captain Batty's Scenery of the Rhine, &c., has been too often stated, to make it necessary that we should repeat it now; and yet we cannot announce the completion of this elegant work, without again endeavouring to impress upon our readers the extent, variety, and very peculiar attractions which it possesses. To the lover of art, and the admirer of nature, it is indeed invaluable: to the historian, the poet, and all who can find pleasure in the romantic and the picturesque, or draw food for reflection from associations connected with spots which chance or carnage, the perils of patriotism, or the career of conquest, have rendered celebrated,—to all such, we repeat, this work must be a treasure at once exhaustless and indispensable. Here, 'on the banks of the majestic Rhine,' we have—

'A work divine,
A blending of all beauties; streams and dells,
Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, corn-field, mountain,
vine,
And chieftless castles breathing stern farewells
From gray but leafy walls, where Ruin greenly
dwells.'

Here, too, we may gaze on the ruin of the castle of Rolands-Eck, crowning a dark rocky hill, at the foot of which glides the 'exulting and abounding river'; on the lovely island of Nonnenwerder—the scene of the well-known love-tale of Roland and Hildegonde; and, above all, on the 'castled crag of Drachenfels,' which—

'Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scattered cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine;
and Coblenz, and Ehrenbreitstein—

'With her shattered wall
Black with the miner's blast, upon her height
Yet shows of what she was, when shell and ball
Rebounding idly on her strength did light;
A tower of victory! from whence the flight
Of baffled foes was watched along the plain:
But peace destroyed what war could never
blight,
And laid those proud roofs bare to summer's
rain—
On which the iron shower for years had pour'd
in vain.'

The first part of the Hanoverian and Saxon Scenery promises well, and is not unworthy of accompanying Captain Batty's many and most popular performances. It is intended (says the publisher,) 'to illustrate the scenery of the kingdoms of Hanover and Saxony, including the picturesque borders of the Elbe and Weser.' There are, in the present part, five copper-plate engravings, and as many wood-cut vignettes, ornamenting the heads of each description. The subjects are tastefully chosen, and present some of the striking and beautiful scenes which abound in what is called Saxon Switzerland.

The Byron Portraits.—'I cannot,' says an esteemed correspondent, 'find any one who likes the new portrait of Lord Byron, by W. E. West. Yet, perhaps, many who so sweepingly condemn it, would be puzzled to assign satisfactory reasons for their censure. Some people take Harlowe's for their idol-portrait,—others, Phillipps's,—others, again, Westall's, (to whom, I believe, he never sat;) and because West's bears but little resemblance to either of the three, it must necessarily be a bad likeness. This is hardly a fair deduction. Sufficient allowance is not made for lapse of years; and it cannot be judicious to measure the merits or fidelity of the portrait of 1826—by those of 1816. The earlier portraits of Lord Byron have no whiskers, a circumstance which occasions no trifling degree of difference. I have seen an engraving, by Mengs, (published at Rome,) after the bust by Thorwaldsen, which the Countess Guiccioli condemned, as being "like a stupid priest." Now, West's portrait, in my opinion, bears a striking resemblance to the engraving of the bust. What am I to think?—That the likeness is not so bad as people fancy. It is to be regretted that he was not painted some little time before his death, by Lawrence, Raeburn, or Jackson. We could then have assured ourselves, that we saw him as in a looking-glass; and would not, as now, have been embarrassed and annoyed by contrariety of opinion and wild conjecture. There is always some hesitation in allowing the worth of rising talent,—always some uncertainty attached to the production of an artist whose only fame consists in having painted the last portrait of a celebrated person.'

THE DRAMA, AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

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well satisfied with 'Pointed,' as a general term, and with 'acute-pointed,' and 'obtuse-pointed,' as those marking the two distinctive classes into which it may be divided. We are aware that even the terms themselves may be considered very solecistical, as a *point* can be neither acute nor obtuse; but, by the former, we mean that class of the *pointed* style which has acute arches; by the other, that in which the arches are obtuse or depressed: and we should prefer them to the epithets 'acute-arched,' and 'obtuse-arched,' as allied in sound to the generic term. After all, it would be but hyper-criticism to cavil at these kind of compound words, if sufficiently expressive and intelligible in themselves, since they are not at all more barbarous or solecistical than the generality of scientific terms in vogue.

After treating of the Saxon and Norman styles, Mr. Britton arrives at pointed architecture and its varieties; which may be regarded as a regular system from about the year 1135; although the *incidental* use of the pointed arch occurs in earlier buildings. From this period commences the first of the three divisions, under which he classes the pointed style. He comprehends about one hundred and five years from the accession of Edward I. to that of Richard II., 'and thus includes the long reign of Edward III. during which, perhaps, for grace, and elegance of proportion,—for richness of decoration, without exuberancy,—and for scientific skilfulness of execution, the Pointed style received its greatest improvements.' The third division extends to the early part of the reign of Henry VIII., when it was superseded by a mongrel, non-descript style, in which the Roman or Italian orders were applied in the most incongruous manner.

This portion of the work is highly instructive and interesting, containing descriptive notices of the principal edifices belonging to these respective styles, and being illustrated with a series of admirable engravings, the subjects of which are judiciously selected, so as to exhibit every variety of feature and character in our ancient ecclesiastical architecture, from its first dawn to its total extinction. The value of this work is still further increased by several very useful lists and tables:—a List of Architects and Founders of Buildings; a Chronological List of Ecclesiastical Edifices; Monuments, Pulpits, and Stone Crosses; an Architectural Dictionary; and copious Indexes.

These lists, the result of extensive inquiry, and considerable labour, must tend materially to facilitate the progress of the student, and to refresh the memory of those who are already familiar with the subject, serving as an historical chart, which may easily be referred to on every occasion.

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Scenery of the Rhine, Belgium, and Holland.
From Drawings by CAPTAIN BATTY, F. R. S. &c. 4to. London, 1826. Jennings.

Hanoverian and Saxon Scenery, Part I. From Drawings by CAPTAIN BATTY. 4to. London, 1826. Jennings.

OUR opinion of Captain Batty's Scenery of the Rhine, &c., has been too often stated, to make it necessary that we should repeat it now; and yet we cannot announce the completion of this elegant work, without again endeavouring to impress upon our readers the extent, variety, and very peculiar attractions which it possesses. To the lover of art, and the admirer of nature, it is indeed invaluable: to the historian, the poet, and all who can find pleasure in the romantic and the picturesque, or draw food for reflection from associations connected with spots which chance or carnage, the perils of patriotism, or the career of conquest, have rendered celebrated,—to all such, we repeat, this work must be a treasure at once exhaustless and indispensable. Here, 'on the banks of the majestic Rhine,' we have—

'A work divine,
A blending of all beauties; streams and dells,
Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, corn-field, mountain,
vine,
And chieftless castles breathing stern farewells
From gray but leafy walls, where Ruin greenly
dwells.'

Here, too, we may gaze on the ruin of the castle of Rolands-Eck, crowning a dark rocky hill, at the foot of which glides the 'exulting and abounding river,' on the lovely island of Nonnenwerder—the scene of the well-known love-tale of Roland and Hildegonde; and, above all, on the 'castled crag of Drachenfels,' which—

'Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scattered cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine;
and Coblenz, and Ehrenbreitstein—

'With her shattered wall
Black with the miner's blast, upon her height
Yet shows of what she was, when shell and ball
Rebounding idly on her strength did light;
A tower of victory! from whence the flight
Of baffled foes was watched along the plain:
But peace destroyed what war could never
blight,
And laid those proud roofs bare to summer's
rain—
On which the iron shower for years had pour'd
in vain.'

The first part of the Hanoverian and Saxon Scenery promises well, and is not unworthy of accompanying Captain Batty's many and most popular performances. It is intended (says the publisher,) 'to illustrate the scenery of the kingdoms of Hanover and Saxony, including the picturesque borders of the Elbe and Weser.' There are, in the present part, five copper-plate engravings, and as many wood-cut vignettes, ornamenting the heads of each description. The subjects are tastefully chosen, and present some of the striking and beautiful scenes which abound in what is called Saxon Switzerland.

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The late Marquis of Hastings, in a letter found amongst his papers after his death, requested that, on his decease, his right hand might be cut off, and preserved until the death of the marchioness, when it was to be interred in the same coffin with her ladyship! In pursuance of his direction, the hand has been amputated.

Resolution.—'A patient determination of purpose is among the most trying exercises of practical philosophy ;' it is, in fact, the essential and indispensable quality, which at once makes men great, and is chiefly instrumental in keeping them so.

A Prophecy.—There existed in Bhurpore a prophecy that that fort never could be taken, until all the water in the ditch was swallowed up by an alligator. Now the natives pronounce the name of Lord Combermere in such a way as to make it sound 'Commeer,' which, in their language, is alligator, and thus they thought the prophecy accomplished.

Russia.—Russian literature has made rapid progress since the commencement of the present century. From 1700 to 1800, about three thousand works only were printed in that empire, and since the latter period, more than eight thousand volumes have appeared. Three hundred and fifty authors are now living, the greater part of them unknown, even by name, to the rest of Europe.—*The United States Review*,—Nov. 1826.

Local Attachment.—Perhaps none of the human feelings are more extensive or powerful in their operation than local associations ; for early remembrances of the fields wherein we roamed, the school wherein we were tutored, and, may be, flogged,—the river wherein we bathed, waded, or fished,—the cherry-trees, whose unripe fruit we plundered,—the 'old familiar faces,' that frequented parlour or hall,—the dog which we were wont to caress,—and the room wherein we slept, form, in progress of time, almost a part of our very existence, and find a chord that answers to their thrill, alike in the bosom of the cultivated and philosophic, as in the simple and untutored.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom.	1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
Dec. 15	45	45	44	29 61		Cloudy.
.... 16	45	48	45	.. 63		Do.
.... 17	42	44	40	.. 83		Do.
.... 18	40	41	40	30 00		Do.
.... 19	39	41	40	.. 05		Do.
.... 20	40	41	39	29 78		Do.
.... 21	38	39	33	.. 78		Fair.

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* * * As the publication of a General Index may induce many persons having imperfect sets of the Annual Register, to complete them, they are recommended to lose no time in doing so, many of the early volumes of the work being exceedingly scarce.

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